



No. 275.—VOL. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1898.

SIXPENCE.

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THE OPENING OF THE NEW GALLERY: "THE TEMPTER."—ARILD ROSENKRANTZ.

"Thither . . . Accurs'd and in a cursed hour, he hies."—MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST," II.

THE SEAT OF WAR

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF CUBA.

I left England for Havana on February 9, and as soon as the *Majestic* reached New York I learned of the *Maine* disaster, which happened the day before our arrival. Travelling by train to Tampa, we took steamer there, and, after touching at the little island of Key West, reached Havana on the morning of February 23. As our steamer, the *Olivette*, steamed to her anchorage, we passed quite close to all that remained of the ill-fated *Maine*. It is a terrible sight, simply a shattered mass of wreckage.

I found much excitement in Havana among the Spaniards, pressed, as they are, by the insurgents from within and America from without. There are also many, even in Havana City, who openly sympathise with the rebels. Though, in Weyler's time, these were very guarded in their declarations—and it is not so long since any group of three

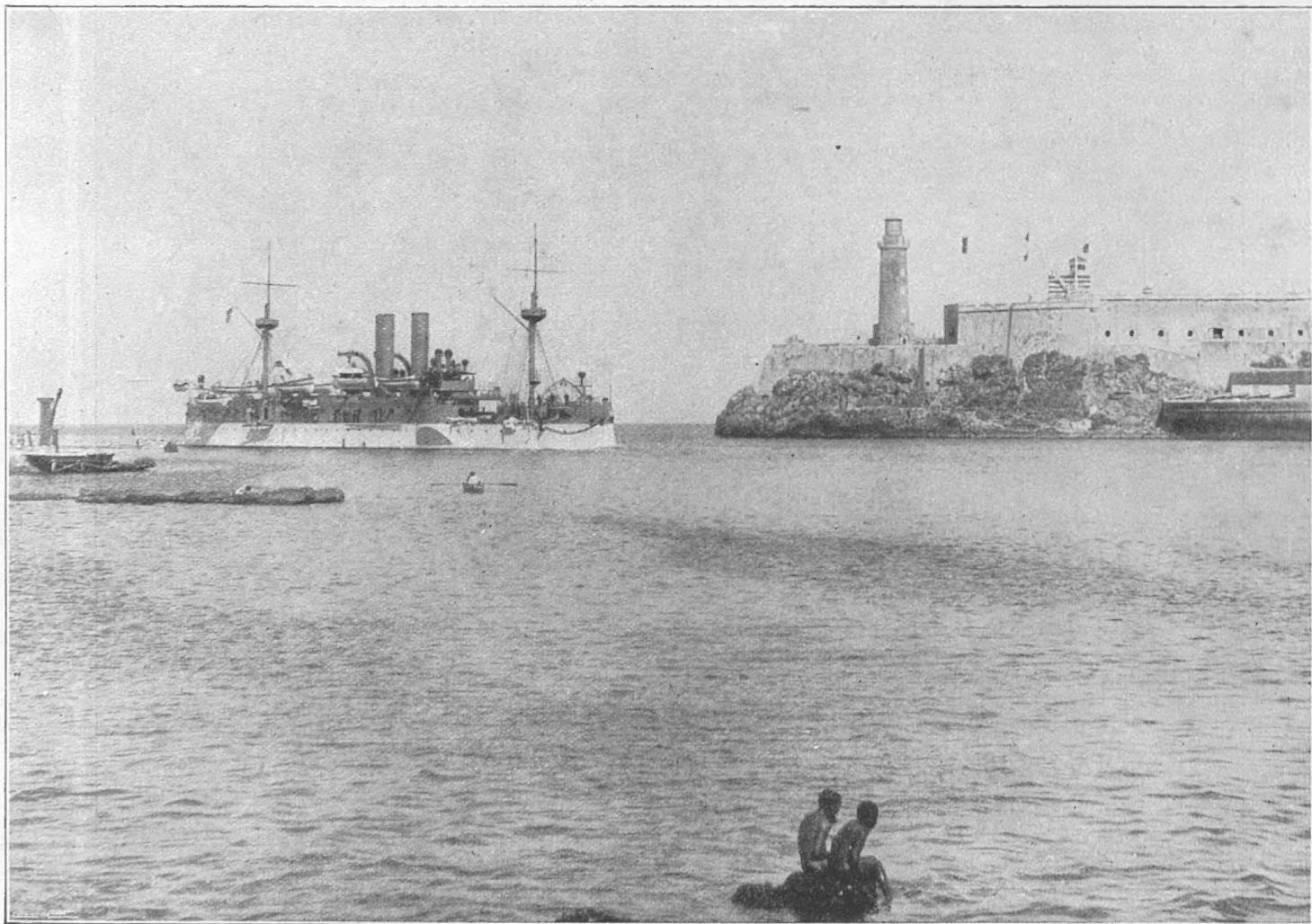
or more persons speaking in the streets was liable to be dispersed by the authorities—yet so mild is the rule of General Blanco that their feelings are now freely given voice to by those who favour the Cuban cause. Havana is full of soldiers. The men are mostly lodged in dwelling-houses, which have been rented for them, the barracks being altogether inadequate for such numbers. In Cuba altogether Spain has

now 100,000 soldiers. Havana is strongly fortified. In addition to the famous Morro Castle and Cabanas Fortress, which are on the outside of the harbour, the coast is protected for some miles by strong batteries and earthworks. Some of the churches and public buildings have been turned into military hospitals. Conspicuous among these is the Foundling Hospital. This is a gigantic building, and somewhat unique in its system. Anyone may leave a child there by placing it in the basket at the door and turning a handle which deposits the child inside the building, without the least fear of their identity being known. The sister in charge then takes a note of the date, articles of clothing worn, and any marks or peculiarities of the little one, and if, in later years, the depositor wishes to reclaim the child, there is no difficulty in doing so,

provided correct particulars are given. General Weyler turned the foundlings out, and the building is now used as a hospital for soldiers. The authorities, however, found the children a temporary lodging elsewhere, and it is said that General Blanco intends shortly to reinstate them in their proper building. Weyler has not left a pleasant reputation behind him in Havana. His name was given to one of the streets, but



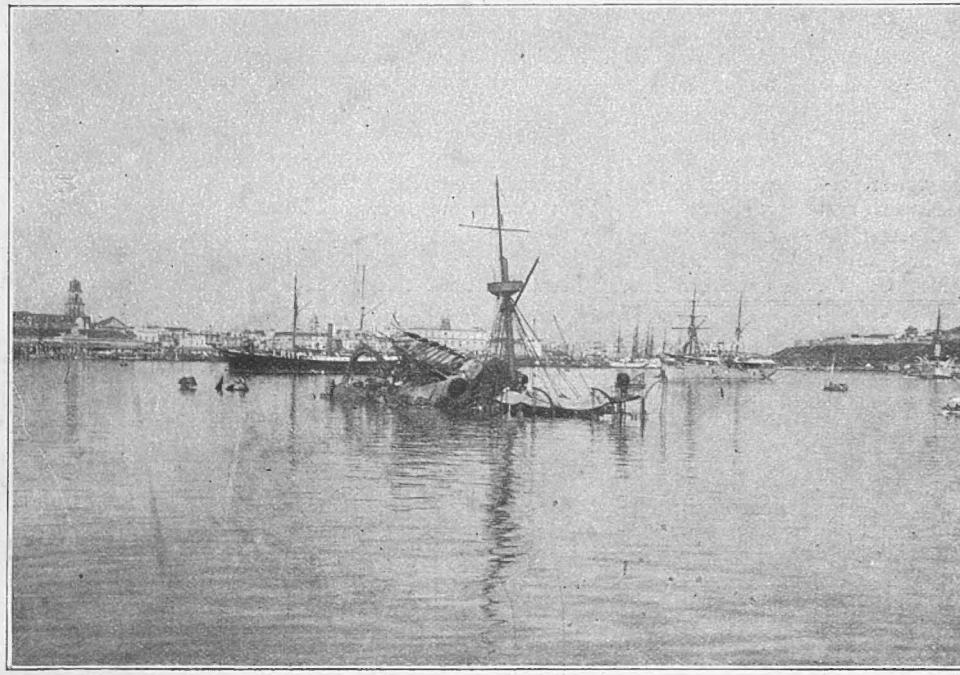
THE TROCHA.



THE "MAINE" ENTERING HAVANA WITH A LIGHT HEART.

people seem to prefer to use the old term, Calle de Obispo (The Street of the Bishop). In this street there are many very fine shops, and here the ladies of quality may be seen walking with their duennas in the early morning before nine o'clock, when the heat of the day begins.

Sunday is a gay day in Havana. The poorer classes frequent cock-fights in the morning. In the afternoon there is generally a bull-fight at Regla, which is just across the bay, and, as I was there during Carnival time, I saw on Sundays, from four to six, the procession through



THE "MAINE" AS SHE IS TO-DAY—A MASS OF WRECKAGE.

the streets. Some on horseback, some in coaches, most of the prominent citizens, with their wives and families, take part in this. In the evening there are balls at the leading clubs, such as the Casino Español and Centro Asturiano, and at midnight there is a public dance at the large and handsome Tacon Theatre. As all this takes place on a Sunday, it will be seen that not much time is left for church-going, though there are many beautiful churches in Havana. Chief among them is the fine old cathedral. In it is the urn containing the remains of Columbus, with the inscription, "O image of the great Colon! One thousand centuries are kept in this urn, and in the memory of our nation."

I went with some friends one Sunday to San Antonio de los Baños (St. Anthony of the Baths), a town twenty-seven miles from Havana. As explosions are frequent on all the railways, each train is preceded at a distance of four hundred yards by a pilot-engine. Attached to each train is a battle-car made of solid iron, with a strong force of soldiers inside. Should the train be attacked by insurgents, the passengers would all crowd into this, and it is quite closed up, except for a narrow aperture all round to shoot through.

From San Antonio we visited on mule-back the tobacco-plantations. Each tobacco-field has a well-built fort, and all the workers are armed with guns and machetes. After visiting several plantations we rode back to the town. We saw a regiment starting on a prolonged march into the country in search of insurgents. Many of them were mere boys; they looked worn and ill, and were badly dressed. About a hundred invalided soldiers went back with us in the same train, bound for the Havana hospitals. They eagerly scrambled for a few dollars' worth of halfpenny cakes which we bought and doled out to them. Wounded and fever-stricken, many of these poor fellows, I fear, had not long to live.

The following Sunday we started for a few days' visit to the western province of the island. We took train for the terminus, Pinar del Rio (122 miles from Havana). The last explosion on this line had been only three weeks before we went. Again we had the pilot-engine, battle-car, and strong force of soldiers, as there are a good many rebels in this province. Most of the villages we passed consisted of mere huts. Formerly, many of them had been well-built and prosperous, but they had been burnt by the insurgents, and replaced by the present miserable dwellings. The train was besieged at every station by crowds of miserable-looking women and children. These were the Reconcentrados, so called from being ordered by Weyler to leave their occupations in the country and concentrate in the towns, where, it is alleged, many thousands have died of starvation. Through lack of food, their limbs swell up to about twice their normal size. We passed across the Trocha, an elevated road—or

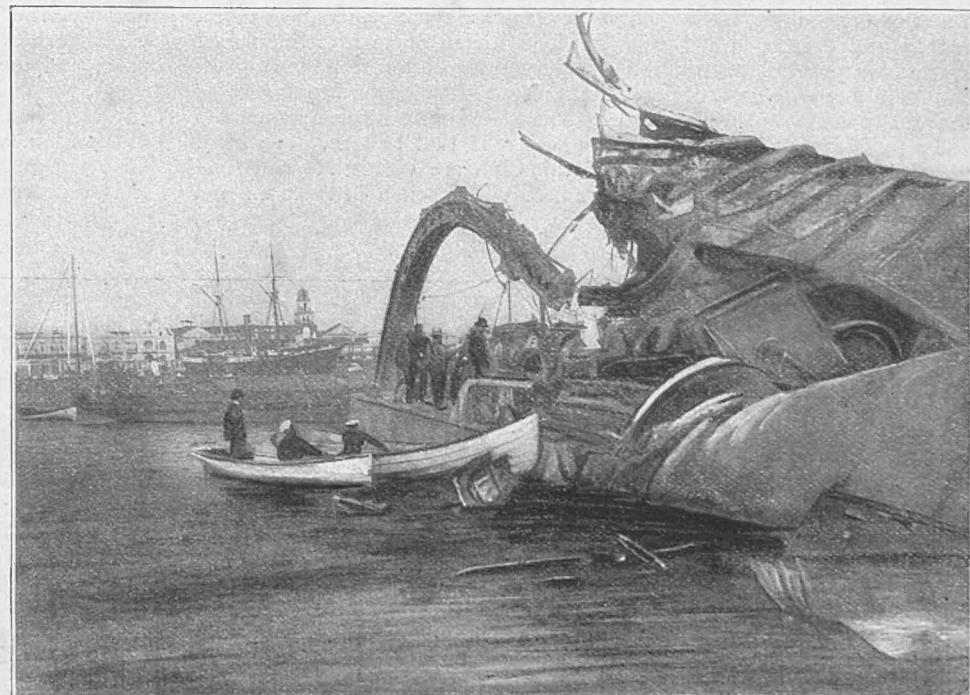
broad wall, with forts at short distances apart—built right across the island, by which means Spain hoped to effectually divide the eastern and western parts of the insurgent army. We saw in abundance the marvellous palm-tree, the product of which provides for nearly a dozen different needs. We got safely to Pinar del Rio, and, after breakfast at the Hotel Recado, hired mules and a guide and rode off for San Luis, a little village twenty miles across the country. We were told we would likely meet with insurgents, but they did not come our way that day.

We rode through a most beautiful country, well watered with pretty rivers, but, as it was midday, we found the heat very trying.

We had letters to friends in San Luis, and spent a pleasant evening there. It is a straggling little place of one street, but well fortified against attack. The one church of the place has been turned into a barrack and hospital. After dark no one is permitted to go beyond the limits of the town, and I could hear shooting in the distance, away towards the mountains. Next morning we started early and rode over the neighbouring tobacco-plantations. We found each farm well fortified, but that the insurgents were near at hand was proved by the charred remains of a hut which had been burnt down a few nights before.

The forts on the outlying fields are sometimes attacked during the night-time, but are generally able to hold out. If a farmer pays the tax imposed upon him by the insurgents, he will be left in peace, but, as it is a comparatively heavy amount, many refuse to pay. Their tobacco-houses are then liable to be burnt unless they are carefully guarded, and, when the time comes for getting their tobacco through to Havana, their only chance to do so safely is to get a very strong escort of Spanish troops to accompany the waggons through to Pinar del Rio. After breakfast at San Luis, we rode back to Pinar del Rio without mishap, and stayed there the night, getting safely back to Havana next day, about five in the afternoon.

Much excitement was caused in Havana one evening by the arrival of the Spanish cruiser *Vizcaya* from New York, where its presence had caused much comment. It is a very handsome and up-to-date boat, and the Spaniards seem to feel comfort in its presence in the harbour; this was increased a few days later by the arrival of the sister-ship, *Almirante Oquendo* (named after one of the commanders of the historic Armada). I attended a great ball given to the officers of these two ships at the Casino Español. General Blanco, who is much respected, was present, accompanied by the estimable Marquis of Pinar del Rio. The officers, in their handsome uniforms, made a very good show; the ladies (Spanish and Cuban) were beautiful and splendidly dressed, while the dancing was an education to an Englishman. Their dances are entirely different from ours, and very difficult to learn; but you seldom see a bad dancer on the floor. Great crowds assembled at the outside, but no one was allowed close to the building. We found this same precaution at some of the barracks and important buildings, as several bombs had been found lately. Another evening I was invited by the very hospitable members of the spacious and handsome German Club to a ball given in honour of the officers of the Hungarian warship *Donau*. The two bands of the *Donau* played the dance-music very beautifully.



AMERICA, VIEWING THIS SORRY HULK, WAS ROUSED TO BATTLE.

THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB DINNER.

The usual season's dinner of the Omar Kháyyám Club took place at Frascati's Restaurant on Wednesday evening, April 27. It will be seen from the names in our diagram that the list of those present was

a very strong one, including among its English writers—most of whom are members—the names of Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. H. W. Massingham, and Mr. Stephen Phillips; while journalism was represented by two well-known newspaper proprietors, Sir George Newnes and Sir William Ingram. America was represented by Mr. Charles Scribner and by Mr. G. W. Cable. Mr. Cable, indeed, arrived by boat at Liverpool only on the morning of that day, and in London the same evening, when he followed Mr. Barrie—whose guest he is while in England—to the Club Dinner, and made a very interesting speech expressing his delight and pleasure at this his first visit to English soil.

FRONT OF THE MENU-CARD.
Designed by Rose le Quesne.

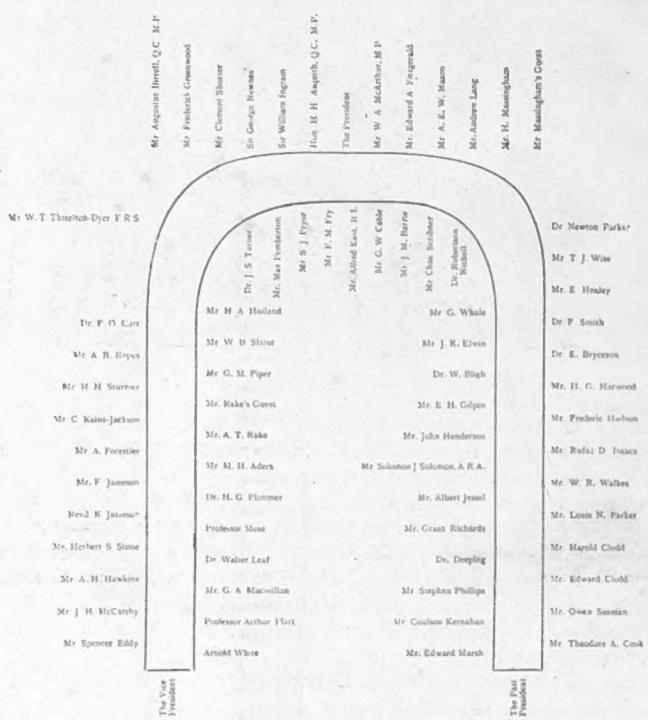
When it is remembered that, in the opinion of Mr. Barrie and not a few other men of letters on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Cable is the most distinguished of American authors, that his "Old Creole Days" has more the atmosphere of real genius than anything that any other living American writer has given us, one does not doubt that Mr. Cable's reception in England will be, all round, a very cordial one. This sentiment was delightfully expressed by Mr. L. F. Austin, the Vice-President, in proposing the toast of the Members' Guests—a toast which, as I have said, was responded to by Mr. Cable, by Mr. George Macmillan, who gave a qualified promise that the next edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Kháyyám" should be dedicated to the Omar Kháyyám Club, by Sir George Newnes, who made a very neat little speech which seemed to express unqualified enjoyment of the gathering, and by Mr. Stephen Phillips, who in his response recited these lines—

Omar, when it was time for thee to die,
Thou saidst to those around thee, Let me lie
Where the North wind may scatter on my grave
Roses; and now thou hast what thou didst crave,
Since from the Northern shore the Northern blast
Roses each year upon thy tomb hath cast.
Thy more familiar comrades, who have sped
Many a health to thee, send roses red.
We are but guests unto the tavern brought,
And have a flower the paler for that thought;
Yet is our love so rich that roses white
Shall fall empurpled on thy tomb to-night.

This is rather to anticipate the order of the evening's proceedings, however, which were opened by Mr. Henry Norman—the President for the year—with a very able and witty speech. He caught the note of the Club's mood in urging that Mr. Asquith, who had been invited as the Guest of the Club, in distinction to the Guests of the Members, was there, not in his position as a distinguished politician or as a distinguished lawyer, but purely in consideration of his genuine interest in the subject. Mr. Asquith, in response, declared that there are few greater benefactors of the species than the man who discovers a new bond of human companionship and a fresh excuse for social intercourse. "If that be true," he added, "as I believe it is, the founders of this Club are entitled to a special measure of gratitude, for they have not only hit upon a hitherto untried

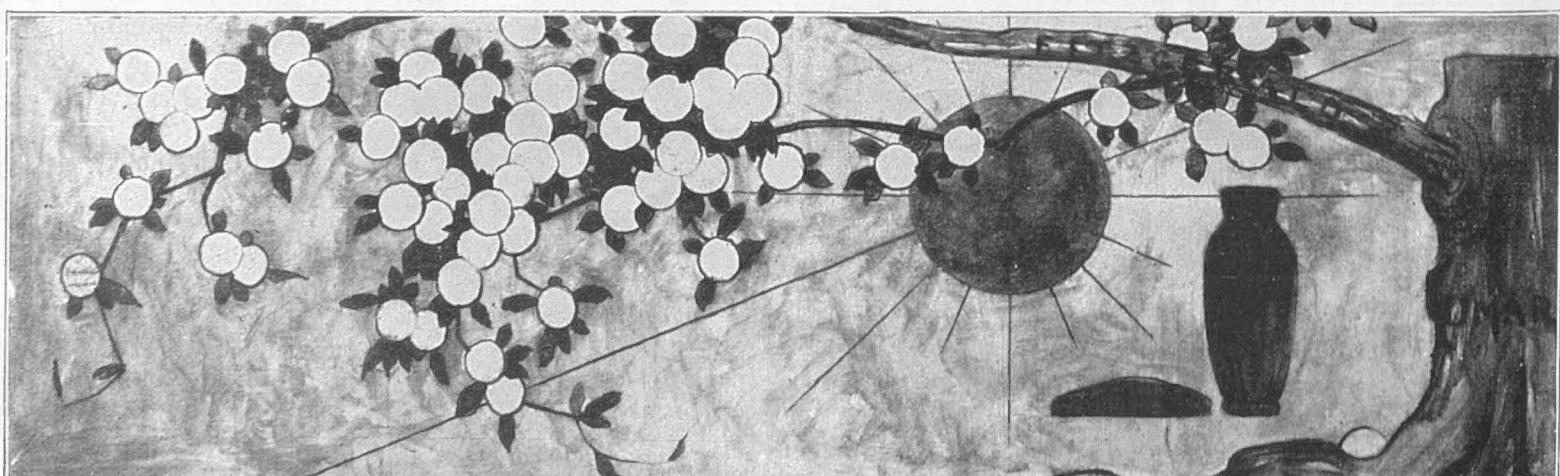
expedient for bringing men together to eat and drink and talk, but they have at the same time invented a most admirable test—if I may without irreverence borrow a phrase from the terminology of the Presbyterian Church—for 'fencing the tables' against the intrusion of pedants, Philistines, and bores." Then followed a most admirable eulogy of the poem which Edward FitzGerald has made familiar to us. "As regards substance," Mr. Asquith concluded, "where else in literature has the littleness of man contrasted with the baffling infinitude of his environment, the resulting duty of serenity and acquiescence been more brilliantly painted or more powerfully enforced? The million battles that the Eternal Saki pours from his bowl, the clay which lies passive under the thumping of the potter, the ball that is thrown hither and thither about the field, the helpless pawns that the great player moves into impossible positions with an inscrutable purpose, the endless procession of empty pageantries, the sultans and heroes who are, with all their pomp and pride, after all but passing inmates of this 'batter'd caravanserai'—such is the crowd of vivid and moving images which Omar's panorama presents to us. These, if I understand them aright, are the thoughts and pictures with which Omar and FitzGerald have permanently enriched the poetry of the world."

Mr. Edmund Gosse expressed, as a member, the indebtedness of the Club for a very beautiful table-cloth, which Mr. Arthur Hacker had



THE PLAN OF THE DINNER-TABLE.

designed and Mrs. Frederic Hudson, the charming wife of the indefatigable Hon. Secretary of the Club, had worked in tapestry. As will be seen from the accompanying illustration, it represents a branch of an apple-tree, with the name of Edward FitzGerald written across it. In each of the fifty-nine apples—representing the limits of membership—a member will write his name, the five apples to the right having been reserved for the five original members of the Club. That did not exhaust the proceedings, for Mr. Augustine Birrell, then as always an accomplished speaker, declared the Club's indebtedness to Mr. Owen Seaman for the parody of Omar which appeared on the menu-card, and is printed on another page, and to Miss Rose le Quesne, a skilful young black-and-white artist, for designing the menu itself. Before the evening closed the President had taken an opportunity of expressing, in an aside, a sentiment of the Club, which should always be emphasised, to the effect that the Club recognises one and only one translation of Omar Kháyyám—that it is concerned with FitzGerald's poem and none other.



THE TABLE-CLOTH OF THE CLUB, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A., AND WORKED IN TAPESTRY BY MRS. FREDERIC HUDSON.

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THE OLD PALACES IN VENICE.

We have the pleasure to give to our readers a picture of the charming group of three magnificent palaces which specially attracts the attention of the traveller crossing the unique street in the world called the Grand Canal of Venice. These three palaces, the Palazzo Manoless-Ferro, Palazzo Fini, and Palazzo Pisani-Gritti, are three gems in the Golden Book of Venetian Art.

THE PALAZZO MANOLESSO-FERRO.

The Palazzo Manoless-Ferro, which dates from the year 1739, stands exactly in front of the Church of Sta. Maria Della Salute. It is a mixed style of architecture—that is to say, Gothic-Lombard.

The first and third floors of the palazzo are Lombard; the second instead is Gothic, as may be seen by the four pointed arches of the windows, with the exception of the balconies, which are certainly of later construction, more of the character of the seventeenth century.

This palace is said to have belonged first to the noble family Barozzi; it then passed to the Manolesso, and finally to the Ferro, who were inscribed among the Venetian nobles in 1662. The Gothic doorway of this palace is very remarkable, ornamented with a coat-of-arms supported from below by two angels and surmounted by a lion. The staircase is very fine, in the interior of the courtyard, a mediaeval work in pure Venetian style, uncovered, with a most elegant balustrade, indicating the first type of the small columns, with the graceful capitals at the two floors. The rooms are large, rich, and well arranged in Palazzo Ferro, rooms which

"Venezia," says that it is built in the German style of a "form durable strong." Naturally time has altered a number of things: it appears that there still exist on the side of the Grand Canal two old balconies and five pointed arches; the decoration seems to be of a later date.

This palace was the first residence of the Pisani del Bianco, and they had possession of it up to 1814, the epoch in which Count Camillo Gritti became the proprietor. Space does not allow of our enumerating all the various works of repair that have been carried out by the proprietors of the Grand Hotel to restore these three palaces, and to make them comfortable and luxurious residences. We can only say, in all sincerity, that this Grand Hotel does honour not only to Venice, but to all Italy, for its comforts and refinement in every detail. The Dining Room is magnificent, ornamented with splendid chandeliers, with electric light, with handsome large mirrors, all in the exquisite artistic glass of the neighbouring Murano.

The position also of the Restaurant Français, of the Grill-room and the American Bar attached to the Grand Hotel, is really enchanting, composed of five large rooms, all looking on the Grand Canal and all richly furnished with rare artistic furniture and Eastern carpets.

A prerogative of the Grand Hotel—a special attraction which no other hotel in Venice can offer to its guests—is the large terrace running the whole length of the imposing front on the Grand Canal. The terrace, which can be better called a beautiful garden, with the rich



FERRO, FINI, AND PISANI PALACES IN VENICE (NOW FORMING THE GRAND HOTEL).

fortunately still preserve the characteristic stamp of the golden period of decorative Venetian art in which they were built.

THE PALAZZO FINI.

The Palazzo Fini was built after a design by Alessandro Tremiglion or Tremignan. It is said also that the piles on which the foundations of this palace were based are of cedar-wood, which was greatly used by the Venetians for building purposes. The front of this beautiful edifice is very majestic and most harmonious in all its lines. The interior, however, is perfect—very rich, and the rooms well distributed, while the entrance is remarkable for the elegant and spacious staircase leading to the upper floors. The cornice running all round the hall is of great artistic value, carved in wood; a record of the good epoch of 1500, shown by the carved floor with busts in bronze.

A suite of four large rooms, all on the Grand Canal, which now form one of the apartments of the Grand Hotel, of truly princely luxury, is such as not to fear comparison with any royal apartment, with ceilings and Sansovinian beams, with sculptured brackets, rich gildings, and allegorical paintings by celebrated painters such as Paolo Veronese. The decorations are not less splendid, and are all carefully preserved, such as "soprariccio" tapestries on the walls, wonderful-old-looking-glasses with rich frames and carvings, artistic candlesticks and carved chairs, in the style of those to be seen in the Accademia di Belle Arti and in the Contarini degli Serigni.

From this the reader may imagine the royal luxury of the whole place, a luxury kept up, and rather increased, by the present proprietors, who jealously preserve so many treasures of art, and pride themselves in being able to afford their guests also the enjoyment of so much artistic comfort.

PALAZZO PISANI.

The front of this Palace Pisani is Gothic of the fourteenth century, and belonged to the Counts Pisani. The writer Sansovino, in his work

palm trees and tropical plants which adorn it, is lit up at night with two powerful electric lamps.

From this terrace the glorious panorama can be enjoyed of the Basin St. Mark's, the Venetian "Bosphorus." Right in front is the Church of the Salute, the famous temple by Longhena; while still further out is to be seen the beautiful island of San Giorgio Maggiore, with its church, a perfect work of art by Palladio. The terrace is crowded with elegant groups, gay, cosmopolitan, indulging the post-prandium with genial chats, stretched on soft rocking-chairs, drinking delicious mocha and smoking choice havanas, while below on the Canalazzo gondolas and barges, fantastically lit up with myriads of coloured lanterns, glide by.

The only way to understand this magic scene of beauty is to be there, and then one begins to explain the reason of the fascination which is felt in Venice by all whose eyes have been opened to the light of the beautiful, by lovers; all, in fact, remain spell-bound by the great and eternal enchantress Venice.

They are impressions which fill the mind and heart with so much sweetness as never to be cancelled.

After the addition of the Palazzo Pisani to the Grand Hotel, this has become one of the largest in Venice. And no other hotel can compete with it as regards the elegance and comfort of its rooms, especially for the large number of them on the Grand Canal; that Grand Canal which the great English poet called with reason the most beautiful and artistically original street in the world.

There are two hydraulic lifts, on the Stigler system, which work day and night for the convenience of the visitors. There is electric-light in all the rooms, heated by steam, a complete service of hot and cold baths, shower-baths, and all the hygienic improvements of the English system; nothing has, in fact, been omitted.

We sincerely trust that the great care and money which the proprietors have spent on the Grand Hotel may be recompensed by the support of visitors and travellers.

SMALL TALK.

The paying off of one of our warships is a curious process. For instance, H.M.S. *Orlando*, recently Flagship of the Australian Station, where she was relieved by the *Royal Arthur*, arrived at Spithead the other day, and entered the harbour. The dockyard hands may be seen at her bows adjusting chains to the buoys. The ship alongside is a lighter, or bum-boat. The small-boats around are pleasure-boats with friends of those on board this ship, which has served a three and a-half years' commission abroad. After the ship is made fast, stages are lowered, and the painter's party of the ship descend her sides and begin to paint the ship, to prepare for the Port Admiral's inspection. When this is done, tugs tow her to the docks, where she remains till paid off, which takes place about three weeks after the arrival home. The men then get a month's leave, and afterwards return to the Naval dépôt.

Amid the many naval books of the day it is surprising that no one has compiled a list of ships on the basis of each vessel having a history. Colonel Lean, in his *Royal Naval List*, has recently started this on a small scale. Thus, taking H.M.S. *Active* of to-day (she is a second-class cruiser of 3080 tons), he writes the history of the *Actives* of yesterday thus—

Boscawen's victory over the French in Lagos Bay	... 1759
Captured Spanish <i>Hermione</i> 1762
Reduction of Trincomalee 1782
Captured Spanish vessel <i>Santa Maria</i> 1801
Hoste's victory over Franco-Venetian squadron off Lissa	1811
Victory over French squadron off Lissa 1811
Captured French <i>Pomone</i> 1811

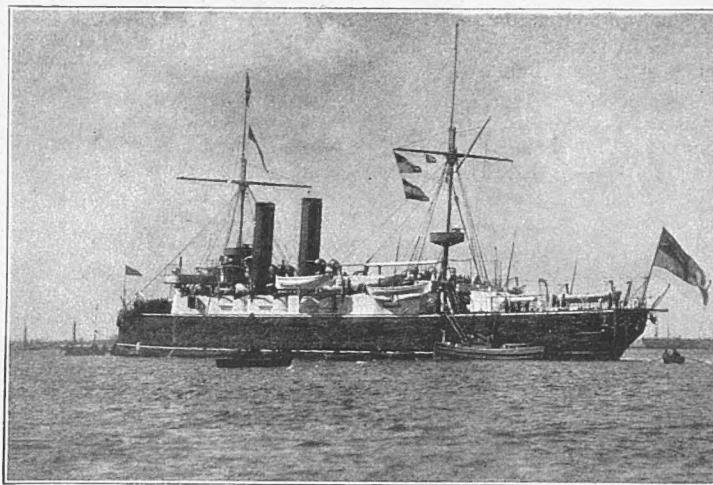
But that is only the bows of the subject. One would like to know the size and form of the *Actives* of yesterday.

The reissue of the *Vanity Fair* cartoon of Lord Salisbury as he was in 1869 has surprised many of those familiar with the appearance of the Prime Minister. It might pass for a caricature of Lord Hugh Cecil.

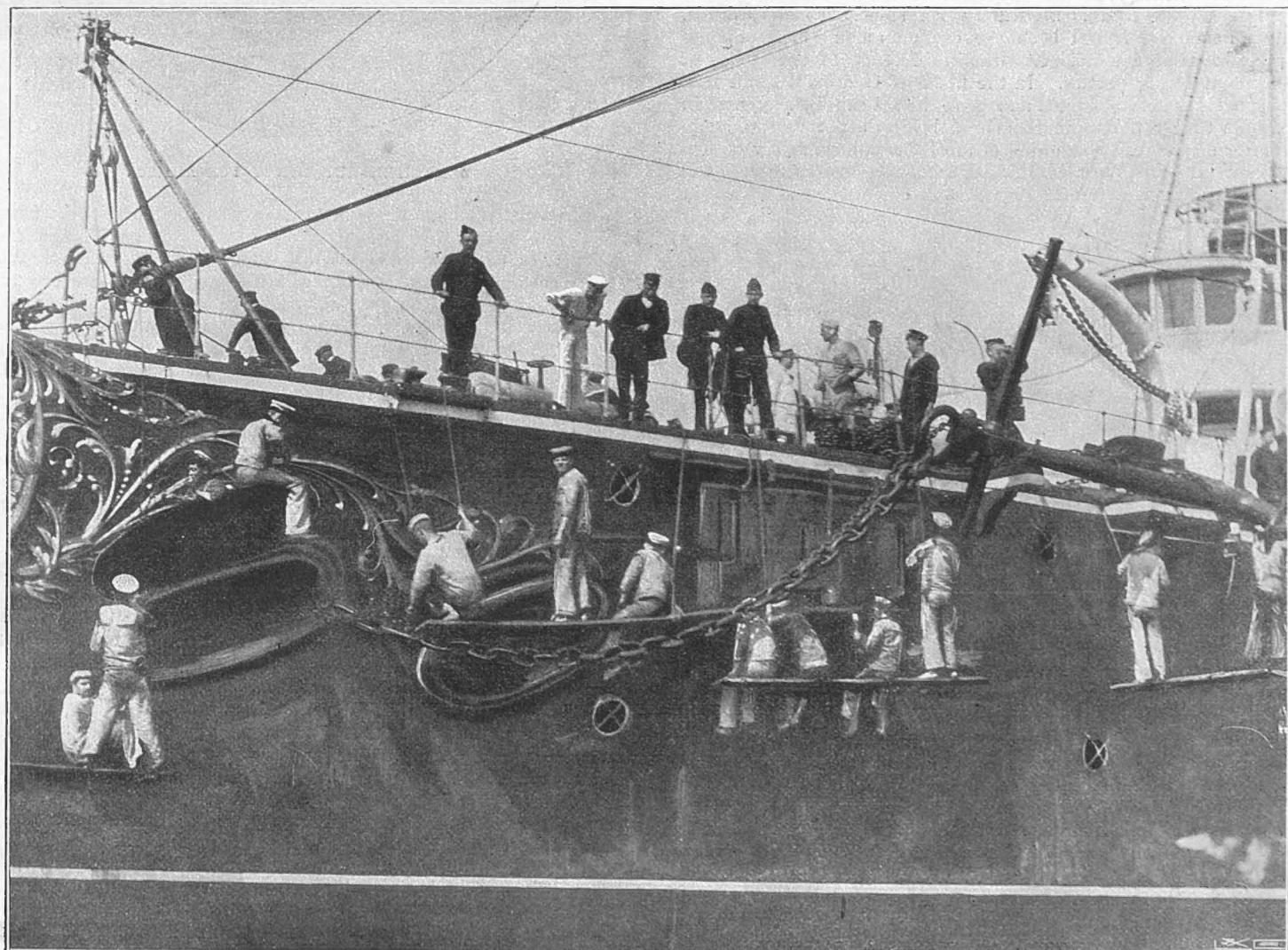
The Marquis of Salisbury is now exceedingly stout and heavy; thirty years ago he was quite slim. Even then, however, he stooped a great deal. His stoop, indeed, became him less when he was a thin man under forty than it becomes him now. The caricaturist made him look very angular and awkward, with right arm jerked forward. His present attitude when addressing the House of Lords is not ungraceful, but he stands motionless, and uses no oratorical gestures. In the cartoon his large hat is seen partly pushed under a bench. That is where he places it nowadays when he rises to speak. Other peers put their hats *on* the bench.

Mr. Tim Healy is the least conventional speaker in the House of Commons. He is always pungent, but never polished in style. The other day he almost used a big, big "D." "I don't care a d——," he said, and then substituted "dump" for the word that was in his mind. The House of Commons has a liking for Mr. Healy. He goes over to Ireland for long spells of time, but when he comes back he is very welcome in these dull days. It is true that he savagely attacks his opponents sometimes, but they know, as a Dublin Unionist recently

remarked, that his bark is worse than his bite. In the lobby he is the friend of politicians of all parties. If he has any enemies they are probably to be found among his Nationalist colleagues. It is notorious that some of these gentlemen find him difficult "to get on with." Mr. Birrell has likened the Nationalist leaders to third-rate tragedians scowling at each other. Mr. Healy does not scowl at Mr. Dillon; he turns his back on him. It is difficult to retain a corner seat in the House, even Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles being sometimes deprived of his favourite corner; but whoever may occupy the end seat on the third bench below the Opposition gangway while Mr. Healy is absent in Ireland, that gentleman never fails to obtain it during his visits to the House of Commons. Fortunately, he has been seen there steadily during the discussions on the Irish Local Government Bill. Without him these discussions would have been intolerably dull. Mr. Healy seems to know every line and word of the Bill.



H.M.S. "ORLANDO" COMING INTO PORT.



SHE TITIVATES HERSELF FOR THE PORT ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

A significant evidence of the feeling of brotherhood between this country and America has appeared in New York in the shape of the cartoon I reproduce here. It shows the Eagle and the Lion, with their respective flags. A curious story is going the rounds about a row, at

Hong-Kong, in which a hundred and fifty American and British Tars "licked" four hundred French, German, and Russian sailors. Does this sort of story do any good to anybody?



JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM HAVE GOT ALL THEIR BUTTONS ON.

making the commanders supremely ridiculous. By retailing their every utterance, and, beyond a doubt, many remarks that were not uttered at all, they have discounted all the effect of the swaggering speeches that find their way as pendants to the story of great victories. "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" ; "England expects every man to do his duty" ; "There's the position, and the soldiers of the Queen must take it!" —these are all fairly effective, even though not founded on fact; but the ubiquitous American reporter who follows the American fleet in a Press-boat just as a gutter-snipe follows a hansom cab is trying to immortalise every remark of gentlemen who have yet to prove the quality of their fighting powers by deeds rather than words. The only satisfactory method, in view of popular demands in America, would be to have a Commissioner for Oaths attached to every General Staff, and then the commanders could make affidavits as to the exact nature of the remarks they made upon occasions they deem famous. At present, in spite of the capture of merchant-vessels, America is being very much cheapened by her journalists. The Spaniards may be devils incarnate, but they are gentlemen.

I have seen some doubts expressed as to the proper foundation of an incident in "Too Much Johnson." The Cuban sugar-planter does not meet his affianced bride until the match has been arranged, and some critical people say the idea is absurd. With respect, I beg to differ. Since time immemorial it has been the custom among many of the Eastern races to arrange marriages without reference to the wishes of either of the contracting parties. In the Book of Genesis we find that Laban promised Rachel to Jacob, and gave him Leah instead, and in many countries to-day the bridegroom and bride do not meet face to face until after marriage. Something of the Eastern idea, in a modified form, has crept into the West of Europe, where the marriage agent is by no means an unknown quantity. For this custom the Jews are in

part responsible; their healthy system of early marriages is often carried out without the bride and bridegroom even knowing what is in store for them.

Amerigo Vespucci is one of the mysterious impostors of history who will not stand cross-examination. A Florentine by birth, he became a provision contractor at Cadiz exactly four centuries ago, and supplied goods to Columbus. Then he thought he would like to become a mariner bold himself, and explored the coast of Venezuela. His name (America) was given to two continents through an account of his travels



IS THIS THE MYSTERIOUS AMERIGO VESPUCCI?

published in 1507, which Sir Clements Markham has proved to be false. Quite recently a religious picture was discovered in the Church of All Saints, Florence, in which the figures are supposed to represent the members of the Vespucci family. "Amerigo," I may note, was a corruption of "Alberico."

The movement for the establishment of settlements in the poorer districts of London, which began with the foundation of Toynbee Hall, has been attended with very marked success, due principally to the enthusiasm with which it has been taken up by large colleges and public schools. As a method for carrying on social and philanthropic work, a settlement has many advantages, and, with a school or college at its back, it has an inexhaustible field from which fresh workers and supporters can be continually recruited. The Women's Colleges have in no way been left behind in the work. The Women's University Settlement in Southwark was founded a good many years back by students of the three Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Lately a new settlement has been started in Kennington by the past and present students of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and now their example has been followed by the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. This college has a Guild of Old Students, numbering some 1500 members, and for the past eight years they have supported a small settlement in Bethnal Green. But additional accommodation being required, a new home for the settlement has been built on the borders of Bethnal Green and Shoreditch, close to the Boundary Street area of insanitary celebrity, and was formally opened a few days ago by the Bishop of London. The new home, to be known as St. Hilda's, Shoreditch, is very comfortably arranged, and contains accommodation for fourteen residents, besides the warden, Mrs. Reynolds, who is herself an old student of the college.

A correspondent, in sending me this picture in connection with the recent disturbances in Bushire, tells me that, owing to scarcity of rain again this year, the country is in a famine-stricken state, and a gang of



A MACHINE-GUN READY FOR ACTION.

armed Tangustanis have for some months past been coming in from the hills at night-time and attacking people's houses in Bushire and its surroundings, taking away everything they can lay their hands on, and in every case killing one or more of the inmates. At the end of last month about twenty of these men attacked the telegraph jemadar's house, situated only a hundred yards away from the telegraph office, killing the jemadar's son and wounding the latter's wife, and also killing a telegraph gardener. The same gang also made an attempt to break into the British Residency in Bushire town the same night, killing a watchman when they were surprised. A few days later they tried to rush the telegraph office and dig up the bench-marks, which, they say, were the cause of stopping the rain. The gang was driven off some two miles from the office by Persian soldiers. Colonel Mende, the British Consul, very promptly took precautions for the protection of the telegraph office, where several ladies and children are, by landing a party of bluejackets with a machine-gun, for the protection of the station, in command of Lieutenant Robinson, from H.M.S. *Sphinx*. The machine-gun was mounted on the roof of the telegraph office, which commands a splendid view of the surrounding country, while the tower verandahs were built up with stones and sandbags as protection against a rush. These preparations and the knowledge of there being a gun ashore has, no doubt, had the desired effect of keeping the gang away.

Miss Iona Barrison, one of the troupe of Barrison sisters, and well known in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna music-halls, has just had a splendid advertisement, free gratis and for nothing, from the Prussian Diet. It seems that a German pastor who hails from the banks of the Rhine demanded that she should be expelled, on the grounds that her representations were not quite *the* thing. One wonders how the Herr Pfarrer knew, unless the naughty man had crept stealthily into the music-hall himself. However that may be, the Diet upholds him, and Miss Barrison will not be seen in the Rhenish provinces again till she has modified her répertoire. This should create a furore in her favour the next time she visits the banks of the Seine.

The ceremony of trooping the colours was carried out before a large audience by that distinguished old regiment the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers at Portland on St. George's Day. This being the second year of this regiment's stay in Portland, large crowds of people flocked from not only Portland and Weymouth, but also from all parts of Dorset, to witness the ceremony. The 5th Fusiliers (whose crest is the St. George and the Dragon) have always observed St. George's Day, officers and men wearing a red and a white rose in their caps on parade, also when off duty. Old members of the regiment are also invited to spend the day with their old corps and witness the time-honoured ceremony of trooping the colours. General Willis, C.B. (colonel of the regiment) was present at the ceremony.

I may note that the Stockton Shaksperian Society has for some years held a supper on St. George's Day. The bill of fare this year was full of Shaksperian quotations, thus—

Soup: ox-tail. "Cooling my broth."—"Merchant of Venice." Fish: filleted sole, shrimp sauce. "Bait the hook well; this fish will bite."—"Much Ado About Nothing."

The toast of St. George was backed by the quotation from "King John"—

St. George, that swindg'd the dragon, and e'er since Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door, Teach us some fence!

The toast of "Shakspere's Fellows" was marked with the well-known words from Hamlet—

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,

pastoral, comical, historical—pastoral, tragical—historical, tragical—comical, historical—pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited.

Mr. J. A. Henderson wrote an ode on Ben Jonson. I also learn that St. George's House Restaurant, in St. Martin's Lane, has kept it up vigorously for five years, and five hundred roses are distributed.

It is interesting to note the various emblems adopted by parties in various countries. Probably the most popular emblem nowadays is the primrose of April 19. On the day of Parnell's death his followers wear a sprig of ivy. Jacobites sport oak-leaves on Royal Oak Day, May 29, and ever since the birthday of James III., in 1688, they have worn white roses on June 10. Red carnations are also a Jacobite emblem. In France Orleanists wear white daisies, and followers of the house of Bourbon ("les Blanes d'Espagne") wear white carnations. The violet was the Bonapartist emblem, and many duels were fought over the little blue flower. Admirers of General Boulanger used to wear a red carnation always in their button-holes. Nowadays Anti-Semites in Algeria have taken the cornflower as their badge, but in Austria this party always wear a white carnation. The cornflower was the favourite flower of the old Emperor William of Germany, and loyal Germans used to wear bunches of it

in his honour. White daisies are the flower of the Queen of Italy (Marguerite of Savoy), and when she goes to visit a town the streets are always full of boys selling nosegays of that flower.



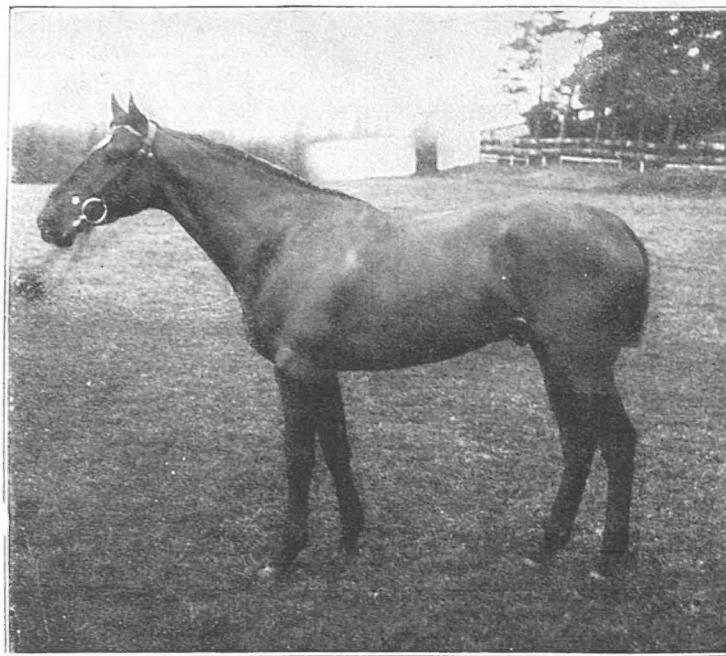
THE PETS OF THE REGIMENT.



THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PARADE-GROUND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUMMING, ALDERSHOT.

When the Prince of Wales kept several jumpers in training he did not have much luck in the matter of winning races, but his Ambush II., which won a valuable jumping-race over four miles of ground at Punchestown, should secure further honours under "illegitimate" rules. His Royal Highness had not previously won a leaping-race in Ireland, and



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S AMBUSH II.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

the success attendant upon the efforts of Ambush II. may lead him to extend his patronage of racing in the Emerald Isle. The enthusiasm that was the outcome of the victory was almost comparable to the outburst that greeted the Manchester Cup win of Florizel II. in the Royal colours. It was a good performance on the part of Ambush II. to get the four miles and win by sheer gameness and pluck. At one part of the race it seemed that Anthony could not possibly land his mount first home, but the horse stayed on under pressure, and won by a clear length. For a four-year-old it was a meritorious performance, and proof was thereby furnished that Ambush II. is bred on stout lines. The Prince bought Ambush II. from Mr. Lushington, who has worn the royal colours, and, what is more, has had the satisfaction of winning in them.

The Parisian looks for a cataclysm if any of his co-citizens go abroad, and particularly if they are renowned. When Madame Réjane returned home recently from a "starring" tour of Europe, the French journals remarked with surprise that the Russian Alliance still subsisted, and that French relations with Germany remained what they were before, "correct but cold." They have much rallied Bernhardt for her globe-trotting, and, if the tragedienne were French by race instead of only by birth, they might, perhaps, have kept her at home; as it is, they have modified her itinerary enough to keep her from crossing the Rhine. Réjane is the first French artist of note to go to Germany since the war.

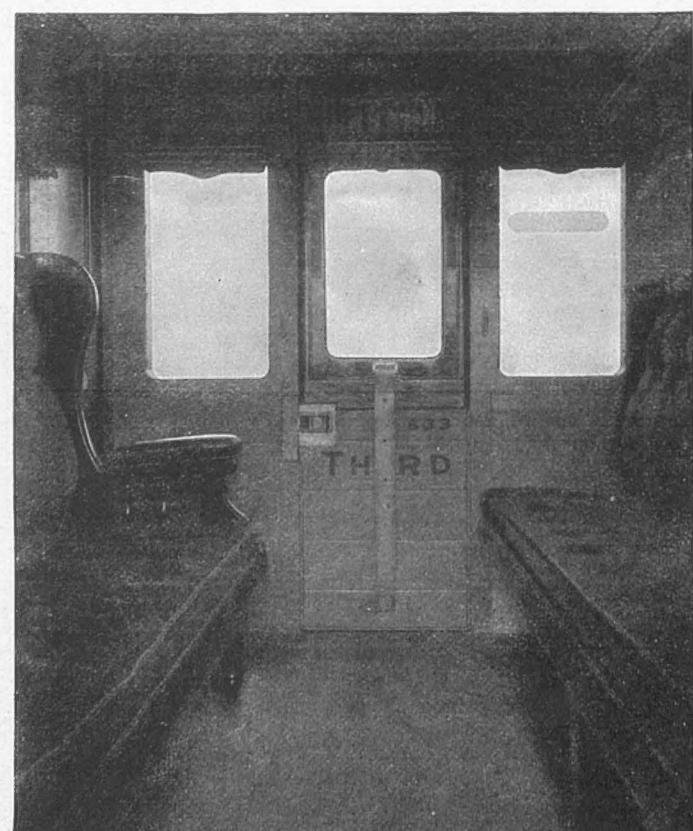
As to French men of letters, neither Daudet nor Zola had seen England until two years ago. There is, in fact, a certain advantage in travelling by sitting at the window with an opera-glass and watching foreigners pass by that, since all the world goes to Paris, is enticing to the French. Such a traveller has no vulgar scurry after trains and no insolent hands in his luggage. The people that pass by have all the fatigue, have also some just title to disdain, for doubtless they are, as the French assert, potential snobs, since they may return to their country to pretend an understanding of what they have superficially seen. At all events, there is no snobbery in a description recently printed in the Paris *Figaro* by a French romancer that evidently travels by staying at home. The writer tells of an aristocratic house, "furnished in the English fashion, impregnated with that special odour—indistinct mingling of Windsor, of sea-salt, of Morocco, and of old ships—that is undeniably *l'odeur Anglaise*."

It would be bad taste to find fault with this description on the ground that it is not true. It is more interesting than anything the writer could have said if he had gone over to see. Sir John Mandeville deserved the same commendation when he said the Abyssinians were people with one foot, the foot so large it could be used for an umbrella. I do not know whether, if Abyssinia had been within ten hours' travel, with three lines of steamers making daily trips, his readers would have reproached Sir John; but I have not heard that Parisians have expressed any doubt on the subject of the true "*odeur Anglaise*." Perhaps, when the rolling bridge across the Channel is built, they will come over and see.

The London and South-Western have introduced lavatories into the third-class carriages of their long-distance trains. The improvement is one of the most desirable that could have taken place, and I hope all the South lines will follow suit.

I print here the poem which Mr. Owen Seaman, the distinguished poet of *Punch*, contributed for the entertainment of the members of the Omar Khayyám Club, an account of whose banquet is given on another page—

Master, in memory of that Verse of Thine,
And of Thy rather pretty taste in Wine,
We gather at this jaded Century's end,
Our Cheeks, if so we may, to incarnadine.
Thou hast the kind of Halo which outstays
Most other Genii's. Though a Laureate's bays
Should slowly crumple up, Thou livest on,
Having survived a certain Paraphrase.
The Lion and the Alligator squat
In Dervish Courts—the Weather being hot—
Under umbrellas. Where is Muhammād now?
Plucked by the Kitchener and gone to Pot!
No so with Thee; but in Thy place of Rest,
Where East is East and never can be West,
Thou art the enduring Theme of dining Bards;
O make Allowances; they do their Best.
Our health—Thy Prophets' health—is but so-so;
Much marred by men of Abstinence who know
Of Thee and all Thy lovely Tavern-lore
Nothing, nor care for it one paltry Blow.
Yea, we ourselves, who beam around Thy Bowl,
Somewhat to dull Convention bow the Soul,
We sit in sable Trouserings and Boots,
Nor do the Vine-leaves deck a single Poll.
How could they bloom in uncongenial air?
Nor, though they bloomed profusely, should we wear
Upon our Heads—so tight is Habit's hold—
Aught else beside our own unaided Hair.
The Epoch curbs our Fancy. What is more,
TO BE, in any case, is now a Bore.
Even in Humour there is nothing new;
There is no Joke that was not made before.
But Thou! with what a fresh and poignant sting!
Thy Muse remarked that Time was on the Wing!
Ah, Go'den Age, when virgin was the Soil,
And Decadence was deemed a newish Thing.
These picturesque departures now are stale;
The noblest Vices have their vogue and fail;
Through some inherent Taint or lack of Nerve
We cease to sin upon a generous scale.
This hour, though drinking at my Host's expense,
I fear to use a fine Incontinence,
For terror of the Law and him that waits
Outside, the unknown X, to hale us hence.
For, should he make of us an ill Report
As pipkins of the more loquacious Sort,
We might be lodged, the Lord alone knows *Where*,
Save Peace were purchased with a pewter Quart.
And yet, O Lover of the purple Vine,
Haply Thy Ghost is watching how we dine;
Ah, let the *Whither* go; we'll take our chance
Of fourteen days with option of a Fine.
Master, if we, Thy Vessels, staunch and stout,
Should stagger, half-seas-over, blind with doubt,
In sound of that dread moaning of the Bar,
Be near, be very near, to bail us out!



THIS THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE OF THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY IS A TREAT TO TRAVEL IN.



LIEUTENANT AND BAND-BOY OF THE 5TH BATTALION
ROYAL IRISH RIFLES.

Donald Walter Cameron, younger of Lochiel, came of age last November; but, owing to the young chief's inability to leave his regiment (1st Battalion Grenadier Guards) at that time, the celebration of the event on the Lochiel estate had to be postponed—a fact, however, that only increased the ardour of the welcome extended by the clansmen to the eldest son of Lochiel last week. At Achnacarry, the ancestral home of the chief of the Camerons, young Lochiel was presented with a complete set of Highland-dress ornaments, and, in returning thanks, incidentally stated that his brother would shortly join the famous regiment bearing their name, and, although he was too late to participate in the honour of Atbara, he felt sure that his brother would yet distinguish himself.

Colonel A. S. Wynne, C.B., Deputy Adjutant-General at Malta, has been appointed to the important post of Deputy Adjutant-General at Aldershot. Colonel Wynne has been at Malta some three years and a half, and was at one time employed with the Egyptian Army. He served in the Jowaki Expedition in 1877, in the Afghan War of 1878-9, and in the Transvaal Campaign of 1881. He was also employed in the Nile Campaign of 1884-5. Colonel Wynne has been several times mentioned in despatches; and, besides his C.B., is the wearer of many decorations for his services. He joined the Yorkshire Light Infantry in 1863, and is now in his fifty-third year.

The two new Major-Generals are Colonel W. V. Brownlow, C.B., and Colonel G. Paton, C.M.G., Commandant of the Hythe School of Musketry. Both are fifty-six years of age, and have seen a good deal of service. Colonel Brownlow was at Ulundi and at Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and was twice wounded and twice mentioned in despatches. Colonel Paton joined the famous 24th (South Wales Borderers) in 1859, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment in 1886. He served in the Perak Expedition of 1875-76, in the Kaffir War of 1877-78, and in the Zulu War, 1879, for which he received his C.M.G. . . .

When the troopship *Nubia* arrived the other day with a crowd of soldiers from India, a wise photographer made a picture of the children on board. I think that was wise, because the children of the regiment play an important, though little talked-of, part in the life of Tommy on foreign service. That side of Mr. Atkins's life does not strike his countrymen very much, intensely domestic as they are; but, nevertheless, I think these children are more notable in their way than other little English folk.

So I offer these verses to any manager of musical comedy as a variation on the eternal patriotic song. Some of them may come to pipe the clarinet, as the smart little Irishman portrayed in the other picture on this page—

When the tenor sings a patriotic ditty
With a flourish of a chorus at the tail
(For, besides his being topical and witty,
He must soar upon a sentimental scale),
He will picture Mr. Atkins' loving kisses,
And the girls he leaves behind him for the fight;
But he never says a word for Tommy's missus,
And of Tommy's kids he never will recite.

For this sentimental operatic Garrick,
With his rolling eyes and amorous despair,
Doesn't know the homely aspect of a barrack,
And the only thing he watches in the square
Is the gorgeous-looking sentry with a rifle at the entry
And the dreary stretch of gravelled yard behind.
But he has no chance of knowing that parades and bugle-blowing
Aren't all the things that Tommy keeps in mind.

Now, though military glory is majestic—
And reported at exaggerated length—
Yet a goodly part of Tommy is domestic,
All the more when Mrs. Tommy's "on the strength."
I have seen our gladiators wheeling nice perambulators,
With a tiny Tommy Atkins in its shade;
Though as yet you may equip it with a pretty muslin tippet,
It may grow to be a soldier on parade.

Now his children follow Tommy round creation,
And he's better when he knows they're looking on;
You will find them in a hill, Burmese station;
They will get them out in Egypt and Ceylon.
And they haven't time for fooling, for the regiment gives them schooling,
And the Colonel comes to see them now and then,
For his own are home at Harrow, but these boys have got the arrow
Which distinguishes Great Britain's fighting men.

When the regiment's foreign service spell is over,
Then they travel in a troopship to the West,
How the mothers like to see the cliffs of Dover,
Where the little Tommy never was a guest!
Oh, there's little else that's finer than the sight of Tommy mino
When he's sailing off to England in his pride,
For he seems to share the lustre of the veterans in the muster,
As the trooper comes a-swinging on the tide.



LITTLE TOMMY ATKINS COMING HOME FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, India.

In many cases representatives in the House of Commons do not for public services receive very much gratitude from their constituents. It was different with the late Sir Henry Edwards, M.P. for Weymouth, however. There has just been placed at his grave in Weymouth a monumental column, twenty-four feet high, of polished light granite. The inscription, which speaks for itself, is as follows—

Beneath this memorial, erected by the inhabitants of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, rest the ashes of Sir Henry Edwards, who for twenty years, with diligence and fidelity, continuously represented them in Parliament.

With equal earnestness, to the latest period of his life, he laboured to promote their welfare.

Of a generous and kindly nature, his heart and hands were ever open to relieve the poor and suffering. Beside other valuable charities left in perpetuity, he built and endowed eighteen cottage homes for the deserving poor of the borough.

Beloved and lamented he died, February 4th, 1897, aged 76.

The monument is surrounded by an effective enclosure, also of granite, and the floor of the space inside is paved in a mosaic pattern with polished slabs of different colours of granite, about twenty tons of stone altogether having been employed. The work was carried out by Mr. W. Boddie, one of the monumental sculptors of Aberdeen.

It is a fact worth recording in connection with the celebration, the other week, of the ninety-third birthday of Dr. James Martineau, that his first work was published in the year of the Queen's accession. Every year, it might be stated, Dr. Martineau, who has outlived his sister so many years that one is apt to forget he is the brother of Harriet Martineau, spends a few months in the Scottish Highlands, and as recently as August last year the

A MONUMENT TO SIR HENRY EDWARDS.

Photo by Dunn, Aberdeen

eminent nonagenarian spoke for some thirty minutes at a public meeting in Rothiemurchus. A young lady who was one of his auditors on this occasion wrote that, "although frail in figure and voice, his intellect seems still to retain all its clearness, and his whole address was characterised by that tone which one associates with the men of the present time who believe in living up to the highest ideals."

Referring to my paragraph about educated pigs, a correspondent sends me some interesting particulars about a performing pig which he saw in 1815, when he was a boy of about ten—

The Royal Mews at Charing Cross were at that date standing, and on the actual site now occupied by Nelson's Column a long wooden shed was placed, and in it was the skeleton of a whale of great dimensions. Through it the writer walked from end to end. Opposite stood, as now they stand, Spring Gardens, where in old times the beaux and belles of the Court of Charles II. disported themselves. There in a house was located "The Learned Pig." Bystanders desirous of seeing its performance stood in a circle, and, within a smaller, playing-cards were apparently indiscriminately thrown down. Onlookers, possibly confederates, named a particular card, and the gentleman trotted round and placed his snout on the named card without an error.

From that exhibition, the writer, in the same house (he thinks), was taken and introduced to "The Hottentot Venus," an ebony damsel clad in gauzy garments of the most flimsy kind, who displayed her figure by proudly traversing and circling round the room in which she gave her receptions. At the Cape she was clearly Venus Victrix, and, in the eyes of her dusky admirers, needed no "zone or cestus" to give beauty, grace, or elegance to her frame. Issuing thence, the writer was taken to the Horse Guards Parade to see the cannon used by the French as a mortar during the siege of Cadiz, 1812. It now stands, he believes, within a *chevaux de frise* on a carriage elevating its bore to the degree used during the siege. At the time spoken of, it was on a carriage in a horizontal position, and the writer, lifted by his father, was thrust inside the muzzle, and, struggling somewhat, was, with a little difficulty, extracted from his confined position.

Positively one of the most enlightened places in London is the Ediswan House, in Queen Street, E.C. I dropped in there the other day to see the latest marvels of the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Company, and, needless to say, I was not disappointed. In the showroom the courteous assistant opened the exhibition by switching on simultaneously fully seven hundred lamps of every description and intensity, from one-eighth of a candle-power to four thousand. After my eyes had somewhat regained their usual steadiness, we turned to inspect every sort of electric marvel—bicycle-lamps, reading-lamps, electric ovens, saucepans, shaving-pots, an ingenious thermal pad for medical purposes (it may seriously rival the old familiar poultice), motors, fans, switches, and all the rest of it. Among switches, I noticed an ingenious new invention for obviating the brilliant spark, so destructive to brass fittings, which

occurs when turning the current on or off. By a clever adjustment of carbons, the "Ediswan" Company has obviated this difficulty, so that the "life" of switches is now indefinitely prolonged.

Among other new inventions is the continuous current-transformer, for raising the pressure of a continuous current circuit, for charging accumulators, compensating for drop of voltage in mains, and so forth. These are of the same size as the Ediswan dynamo, one of which was at work in the Arabian Nights' Palace at Queen Street, doing its seven hundred revolutions per minute so sweetly and evenly that not even a tremor could be detected. Another curiosity was a dainty little ventilating fan, in the form of a four-bladed screw, which could be worked up to a speed of twelve hundred revolutions per minute, and which created a cool, steady breeze which would be very welcome in a crowded ball-room or saloon. The little instrument occupied only a cubic foot of space, if that, and made no other sound than a gentle humming. The appliances for decorative or merely necessary illumination were, of course, the chief feature of the exhibition, and show that the company is prepared to light anything, from a city to a cask. This last is no mere figure of speech, for among very recent improvements is a "search-light" mounted on a rod such as that carried by Custom House officers, which enables a cask full or empty to be examined to its furthest corner. You have merely to introduce it through the bung-hole and the thing is done.

The season of the tourist, and with him the endless series of books on London, is within sight. From a realistic picture point of view, it would be hard to get a better book than the "Queen's London," which Messrs. Cassell have published. It is composed entirely of photographs (434 in all); and is admirably printed.

Three hundred and thirty years ago on the 13th of this month Mary Queen of Scots stood on a grassy knoll near the village of Catheart, watching with feverish interest the movements of three bodies of troops about a mile off in the fields round Langside. Eleven days before, she had escaped from the Castle of Lochleven, and now the day had dawned which was to decide whether she should ever rule Scotland again. What the fates had decreed is written at large in the pages of history, and that story throws a glamour of pathetic romance round the spot on which Mary learnt her doom. For many years, "Court Knowe," as the knoll is called, was marked by a thorn-tree, and, when that decayed, General Sir George Catheart, who fell at Inkerman, replaced it with a rough field-gate stone, on which he carved with his own hands a crown,



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LOST HER CROWN HERE.

Photo by Shelley.

the Queen's initials, and the date of the battle. Later still, the General's nephew, Earl Catheart, erected the memorial shown in the photograph, which is of red granite and repeats the inscription of its predecessor. It may be that Mary's life was a failure, but she has her recompense now. Her story still greatly stirs the hearts of men and draws the sympathetic pilgrim to such shrines as this; Elizabeth, successful in life, is regarded afar off with emotionless respect.

The deck of the good ship *Australian* presented a picturesque appearance at Sydney, on March 15, when his fellow-countrymen bade farewell to Dr. On Lee, a mandarin of the fourth rank, who has been



A LEARNED CHINESE DOCTOR AND HIS AUSTRALIAN FRIENDS.
Photo by Kerr, Sydney.

commissioned by his compatriots in Australia to press on the Imperial Government of China the desirability of appointing a Chinese Consul-General for Australia. Although there are 50,000 Chinese in the Australasian Colonies, the "Son of Heaven" has no official representative in the Land of the Golden Fleece, and as a consequence, his Celestial Majesty's subjects are often put to serious inconvenience.

Dr. On Lee will recommend for the position of Consul-General Mandarin Quong Tart, a Sydney tea-merchant, who is a man of great force of character and considerable versatility. Tart has for years been the unofficial representative of the Chinese in Australia, and is popular amongst all classes. He has a propensity for punning in English, and affects sometimes the Highland garb, and sings Scotch songs. A picture of Tart in kilts engaged in a soulful rendition of "The Boatie Rows" was drawn by Phil May during his Australian sojourn, and appeared in the *Sydney Bulletin*. The mandarin in spectacles in the picture is Dr. On Lee; the other Chinese in costume is Tart. The Chinese gentleman standing at the back of the picture is Mr. W. R. G. Lee, the Chairman of the Lin Yik Tong, or Chinese Merchants' Society, a body noted for its opulence and its benevolence. During 1897 this society distributed over £1500 among European charities in Sydney. Mr. Lee is the resident partner in a big Chinese importing firm, Onyik and Lee. Both On Lee and Tart are married to European ladies. The little girl in white is On Lee's half-easte daughter; the one in black is a scion of the Tart family. The two Europeans standing prominently at the rear of the group are Mr. J. A. Philp and Mr. G. A. Dawn (with whiskers), the proprietors of the *Chinese Australian Herald*, the only Chinese newspaper in Australia. Mr. Philp is noted as an authority on Chinese matters, and is ever busy with tongue and pen in advocating Chinese interests and the necessity of China looking to England as its surest friend. Mr. Philp will probably be appointed Vice-Consul for China in Australia. Prior to the departure of the steamer a banquet was served on board, and Dr. On Lee was entrusted by Mr. Tart with a collection of Australian flags to show to the Pekin authorities and so convince them that there are many incipient Englands in the Southern Seas. The Hon. A. Kethel presided at the banquet, and many magistrates, clergymen, and Members of Parliament took part in the function.

A very learned Chinese doctor is modelled every night at the Empire for the benefit of "foreign devils" by the clever Corsican, Signor de Bessell, to whom I referred last week. His work is really wonderful. Throwing a chunk of clay on a board, he fashions it with his wizard fingers into a score of different shapes. I give his Chinaman herewith.

Devon and Somerset will hear with very qualified approbation that a syndicate of South Wales capitalists propose to seek powers to construct a line of railway from Minehead to Lynton, across Exmoor. "Red-deer Land" is one of the few sizeable areas of country left in England without a railway, and owes its immunity to the fact that a railway is not wanted there: but it has occurred to these South Wales promoters

that it would be an excellent thing for Welsh miners to take excursions on Exmoor, the air of the locality being so remarkably fine, and that a narrow-gauge railway to distribute these desirable trippers would be a paying enterprise. Exmoor naturally fails to see the merits of the scheme. Minehead, Porlock, Watchet, and Lynton are resorts of visitors of a more remunerative class in summer, and still more in autumn and winter, when the only pack that hunts the wild red deer is at work. It would be impossible to run a line of rail across Exmoor without spoiling it as a hunting country, and, if the hunting is spoiled, much of the prosperity of the sleepy little moorland townlets goes with it. This projected line is a beautiful example of blended charity and business at somebody else's expense; there is plenty of room in South Wales for trippers to obtain fresh air of the most salubrious, so why invade Exmoor?

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in India have a thankless and hopelessly difficult task to perform, owing to the utterly callous nature of the black man where animals are concerned and the corruptness of the native agents economy requires them to employ. I was delighted to see that Sir Arthur Havelock, speaking at the General Meeting of the Madras S.P.C.A., made some very straightforward remarks on the condition of the horses used in the *ticca gharries*, or hackney-carriages, of the city. His Excellency pointed out that the class of agent now employed by the society used his position simply as a means of extortion, a small silver coin buying immunity for the driver of the worst-galled horse in Madras—as, indeed, it does in any other Indian town. The work ought to be placed in the hands of European head-constable, who can be trusted; and—his Excellency the Governor could not say this, of course—all cases of cruelty to animals should be tried before a European magistrate. The most conscientious native magistrate is incapable of dealing with these cases. I recollect an instance in which an English resident of Rangoon "ran in" his Madras boy—a youth of forty summers or so—for horrible and wanton cruelty to a cat: the servant was seen to cut its tail off, and was proceeding to further vivisectionist operations when stopped. A native magistrate heard the case; he fined the prisoner two rupees—about two-and-six as exchange then was—half to go to the owner of the cat as compensation! When his worship was taken to task, unofficially, he explained that there was "no evidence to show that the cat was a valuable animal." To try and enforce decent treatment of animals with native tools is the merest waste of trouble and money.

The publication of Mr. George Moore's new novel, "Evelyn Innes," will mark an important step in the literary career of that remarkably



A CHINESE DOCTOR AS MODELLED NIGHTLY AT THE EMPIRE.
Photo by Hana, Strand.

persistent man of letters. I hear that the subject of the new work is a prima donna who has scruples about the life she is leading and who escapes to a convent. Half the book describes life on the stage, and the other half life in the convent.

The many friends of Miss Kate Savile-Clarke will be interested in hearing of her marriage on Wednesday last, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to Mr. Cyril Martineau. The wedding took place from the house of Lady Alwyn Compton. Miss Kate Savile-Clarke is the daughter

of an accomplished man, her father, until his comparatively recent death, having been well known in the literary and journalistic circles of London. Her mother, whose death we but recently recorded, was an artist of considerable distinction, and her sister, Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, has won new laurels as a charming story-writer.



MISS KATE SAVILE-CLARKE AS
LADY HAMILTON.

Hachette, while his niece, Mdlle. Marguerite Breguet, a granddaughter of the inventor of the watch-spring known by that name, is to wed M. Jacques Bizet, a son of the composer of "Carmen," and himself a cousin, once removed, of the author of the "Abbé Constantin."

The career of Ludovic Halévy has been a particularly well-filled one. Before he was twenty years old, and while still a clerk in a Government office, he was collaborating with Offenbach, whom, for a long time, he kept supplied with little dramatic pieces, which he was ashamed to sign with his own name for fear of damaging his budding reputation as a zealous employé. It was only when one of them, "Bataclan," had a great success that the immortal author of "The Grand Duchess" took it upon himself to let the world know who had written the piece. The future Academician's family took alarm and entreated him to give up, once for all, such frivolous pursuits, in case he should irretrievably damage his official prospects, and Ludovic Halévy yielded to their remonstrances so far as to retire from the arrangement he had made with Crémieux for writing the libretto of "Orphée aux Enfers," agreeing to accept a third of the author's rights for the part he had already written.

He has since taken great pleasure in telling people that this despised third has brought him more money than the maximum he could possibly have made with twenty years' hard work under the Government.

While I am on the subject of weddings, I may refer to the marriage scene which takes place in "The Moth and the Flame," a three-act play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author of "Gossip," recently produced in New York. The acts are rather curiously titled as follows—

Act I.—Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wolton At Home Tuesday evening, Jan.—at ten o'clock. Children's costumes *de rigueur*. — East 69th Street.

Act II.—Two years later. Mrs. Lawrence Wolton requests the honour of your presence at the marriage of her daughter, Marion, to Mr. Edward Houghton Fletcher, Thursday, Feb. 10, at five o'clock, St. Hubert's Chapel, New York.

Act III.—The following day.

Strangely enough, when Mr. H. A. Jones put on a church in "Michael and His Lost Angel," New York turned up its nose.

It will be a matter for sorrow to many of my readers to learn that Desdemona was, in reality, quite unworthy of their sympathy. Desdemona's conduct—or rather, that of Palma, for such was the real name of Shakspere's heroine—was deplorable. Othello was deceived by her time after time, and he would have been acting quite within his right had he smothered her under a pillow. Cesar Augustus Levi, a Venice savant, who has just discovered the true story of Othello and Desdemona, tells us that the married couple got on very badly together. They had frequent quarrels; they even fought, and, doubtless, Desdemona, or Palma, many times retired to her room to weep her eyes out. However, the beatings which she received would seem to have done her good. Othello and his wife lived a fairly reasonable life together in their old age, and a little Othello which came into the world was a constant source of pleasure to them.

Just fancy how unpleasant to be one of the thirty-six mediatised Sovereigns of Germany and not be able to pay one's cook's wages! Such is the unhappy plight of Prince Isenburg Birstein, who has been sued by his cook for the sum of £45 due to him. The Prince replied that he fully acknowledged the debt, but, owing to the state of his exchequer, he was compelled to defer payment for a time. His ancestral domains are mortgaged up to the hilt to a banker in Eberpold, and it is said that he is about to declare himself bankrupt. The cook, therefore, will be obliged to wait patiently until the money matters of the principality are in a more flourishing condition.

One does not usually associate a modern man-of-war with Noah's Ark, yet a correspondent of a Service journal points out that the dimensions of our latest warships correspond almost exactly with those of the first-recorded ship as given in Genesis.



THE WEDDING SCENE IN "THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

Hans Richter is blessed with such a memory that he conducts everything without notes, from an aria by Lully to the most complicated of Wagner's operas. One day, in Vienna, however, he was seized with an unwonted fit of abstraction while conducting, and when he came to a change of time in the piece he went on calmly with the same movement as before. Part of the orchestra changed the time according to the music, while others followed obediently the baton of their leader. Such a frightful medley of sounds ensued that Hans Richter quickly awoke to the state of things, and commanded a pause.

prove how rumours congregate, do not serve to explain how they originate. Official manufacturers of rumours are almost unknown, although one gentleman is, I am told, employed by the Cercle des Etrangers at Monte Carlo to disseminate stories about the vast fortunes made by roulette and trente-et-quarante players; but one swallow will not make a summer, and the possibility of tracing one series of tall tales to its source will not greatly help a general survey. The talent displayed in the conception of rumours is too great to admit of the manufacture being casual and accidental. I am coming to the conclusion that Nature,



MISS KATE SAVILE-CLARKE, WHO HAS BECOME MRS. CYRIL MARTINEAU.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Then he turned to the audience and said, "It was not the fault of my orchestra; it was entirely my own. Let us begin over again." And so they started afresh, amid the applause of the audience.

Who make rumours? I sometimes think that we are not quite conscious of the many stories that come no man knows whence and go no man cares whither after a few brief moments of life. Take any grave situation, any political or social crisis, and consider for a moment the army of false reports that follows in its train. The Dreyfus affair and the early stages of the American-Spanish trouble, while they go to

after supplying troubles and crises, provides rumours as an antidote, so that, in the pleasure of finding they are false, after the fear of finding they are true, the average unit may find recompense for the regret caused by the untoward circumstances from which they arise. Beyond a doubt, the habitat of the *canard* is America, but of late years the development of daily journalism has been accompanied by experiments in rumour-raising that must have given satisfaction to all concerned. To insert consecutive efforts of the unknown makers, allowing each one to contradict its predecessor, is, however, an art in which we still stand behind our brethren of the Stars and Stripes.

SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL POET.

MAUCHLINE PAYS ITS TRIBUTE TO BURNS.

A new Burns Memorial is to be inaugurated on Saturday by Mr. J. G. A. Baird, M.P., who, on behalf of the Glasgow Mauchline Society, opens the National Burns Memorial and Cottage Homes at Mauchline. It consists of a handsome tower, to which are attached a number of cottages for deserving persons stricken with misfortune, who will sit rent-free, and, when the present subscription of £3800 has been raised to £5000, receive a small annual allowance. The site is near Mossiel, the poet's

Mauchline is the "parish" of which Burns was the "singer and satirist." The village where he spent his leisure—and the aforesaid £7 a-year—lies on a slope rising from the River Ayr, and is in itself an uninteresting enough country "town" of about a thousand inhabitants, but there is hardly a square yard of it that has not a Burns association. There is the churchyard in which the poet located "The Holy Fair," and where three of his children lie buried. The church shown in the



IN BALLOCHMYLE WOODS: THE LITTLE ARBOUR IS WHERE BURNS FIRST SAW THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Ayrshire farm, which, as everybody ought to know, lies in the parish of Mauchline and about a mile from the village of that name. From the watch-tower, the tourist or pilgrim, who will have to pay for the spectacle a small sum for the benefit of the Homes, will be able to survey the whole of the country made sacred by the energisings of Burns in it during what is known as the Mossiel period (1783-88) of his life—the farmhouse (reconstructed) where he wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Holy Fair," "The Jolly Beggars," &c.; the fields where he was inspired by the "Mouse" and the "wee, modest, crimson-tippet flow'r"; Galston muirs, the "plains and fells" of Coila, and Mauchline village, where he courted and married his Jean, and where he spent his annual stipend of £7 on those "splores" which foolish and often pained admirers believe him to have chronicled with inartistic precision.

picture is not the building in which "Apostle Auld" preached orthodoxy and Burns suffered minor penance; it dates some sixty-odd years back. But the immediate surroundings have changed very little since the end of last century. On the right in the same picture is seen the house, with old Mauchline Castle adjoining, of Burns's friend and patron, Gavin Hamilton, the lawyer, whose differences with his strait-laced minister about church-going and Sunday gardening had much to do with the acerbity of the poet's assaults on the orthodox clergy of the shire. In Hamilton's chambers in that house, according to one tradition, Burns was privately married to Jean Armour. If you do not accept this story, the churchyard as here presented still includes the site of the demolished hostelry in which (according to another tale), a yard or two from his own door, Hamilton acted as witness to Burns's marriage by the



THE CROSS, MAUCHLINE.



THE HOUSE WHERE THE JOLLY BEGGARS HELD THEIR "SPLORE."

Laird of Gilmilscroft, J.P. On the opposite side of the churchyard stands, probably unaltered in external appearance, "Poosie Nansie's," the beggars' lodging-house kept by George Gibson, his drunken excommunicated wife, and their scandalous daughter, "Racer Jess," where Burns, for artistic purposes, studied the ways of the "randie gangrel bodies" who inspired his greatest work, "The Jolly Beggars." Mr. John Taylor Gibb, the leading authority on Mauchline topography, believes that the room where the happy paupers "held the splore, to drink their orra duddies," still preserves much of its original form. Another photo embraces two shrines which no pilgrim to Burns-land can omit. On the right is "Nanse Tinnock's." From the upper window of the house in the left foreground Jean Armour regarded the world after she was banished from her father's house, and the poet had "reconciled her to her fate," what time he contemplated making her Mrs. Burns before the world. It was during the Mossiel period that Burns celebrated "guid auld Scotch drink." Though he did not drink heavily or persistently at any time, and, as we have seen, had not the wherewithal at this date, he must unquestionably have had common, vulgar "sprees" in Mauchline, and it is generally believed that most of these came off in the modest hostelry of the respectable widow woman, Nanse Tinnock, or Tannock. The house is scarcely altered by the widening of the windows on the ground floor. It was the resort of "yill-caup commentators" on Sundays between sermons. Did Burns frequent it? He said he did. He professed to have written within its walls. Yet the old lady declared that the author had never been but once or twice in her house. Nevertheless,

that house is a shrine, just as Mary Campbell, who once lived as nurse in Gavin Hamilton's house, will always, despite the slander of Richmond and his modern followers, be the "white rose" that bloomed among Burns's "passion-flowers," and the never-to-be-forgotten dear departed shade. The room which Burns took for his wife—it was the kitchen of a two-roomed flat—and where she gave birth to her second twins, retains its original form. So does the house where lived Mary Morrison (daughter of Adjutant Morrison), who is believed by some to have been the heroine of the immortal song "Mary Morison," though the song was originally assigned to an earlier period, before either the Adjutant or Burns came to Mauchline, and the probability is that it was inspired by Ellison Begbie, a true inamorata of the poet's. From the tower of the Mauchline Memorial the spectator will look down on the woods of Ballochmyle, where Burns met the lovely Wilhelmina Alexander. The farm of Mossiel passed into the hands of her father in 1786, during the currency of the Burns's lease, and, as the recently published "Burns-Dunlop Correspondence" shows, he thought as little of the poet as his daughter did—at first, at all events—of the compliment paid her in "The Lass o' Ballochmyle." For did not Burns's candid old patroness write to him that the "Nabob" had told her that "your brother was a much better farmer—one he would be really sorry to lose, and who had ten times the sense of you"?



IN THE HOUSE ON THE LEFT BURNS TOOK UP HOUSE; THAT ON THE RIGHT IS OLD NANSE TINNOCK'S.

The arbour depicted in the photo, no doubt, marks with all desirable accuracy the spot where Miss Alexander disturbed the poet at his musing on the river-bank, and so secured immortality.



NATIONAL BURNS MEMORIAL AND COTTAGE HOMES, MAUCHLINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE JAMIESON, LANARK.



MAUCHLINE CHURCH AND GAVIN HAMILTON'S HOUSE.

THE PRINCE OF PARIS PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A CHAT WITH M. REUTLINGER.

"Aha! Monsieur *Sketch*, and what can I do for you? You don't want me to take your photograph for my 'Parisian Beauty Series,' I suppose?"

"No, sir," I reply with all seriousness—a seriousness that is somewhat



MDLLE. MARIE DELNA.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

forced, for beauty is not one of my peculiarities, and Reutlinger knows that well enough. "I have come to interview you. You were born in—?"

"My dear fellow, my age and birthplace cannot possibly interest the readers of *The Sketch*. Besides, my firm—which has been established over fifty years—has spent most of that time in endeavouring to conceal the real age of people, so I don't believe I could tell you the truth on the subject if I were to try. Besides, mon cher, you evidently don't understand the modern art of interviewing. The first thing a modern interviewer should do is diagnose his victim's—pardon!—the interviewee's state of mind, and ask his questions accordingly. Now I am in a red state of mind this morning—"

"Er—I beg your pardon—er—a what state of mind?"

"A red one. Don't you know what that is? It's the A B C of photography. Different lights have different effects upon the temperament. My friend Lumière, the inventor of the Cinématographe and the greatest film-maker in the world, found that out, and found it out in a curious way, too. He employs a great number of men and girls in his factory, and he was obliged, for a considerable time, to make use of the red light exclusively, and—although he did not attribute it to that—his ateliers gained the reputation of being the rowdiest in the neighbourhood. Then, for an absolutely outside reason, he took to using green instead of red, and, as if by magic, things grew calmer, and now his place is as orderly as—well, as my own, if you like." I did like M. Reutlinger's place, and I told him so. "Yes, it's not bad, and I think I may fairly boast that there exist very few pretty women in Paris whom I have not perpetuated at one time or another. That's right, sit in that Louis XV. chair, then you won't get excited if we talk politics"—and M. Reutlinger rang the bell and had a gem of a Tabouret Louis XVI. taken away.

"Why; you surely don't think that furniture exercises any influence over people's characters, and—?"

"Indeed, I do. Can you imagine Emile Zola in a chair like that"—pointing to a dainty little thing all white wood and pale-blue velvet—"or Mademoiselle Diéterle of the Variétés receiving you in a dressing-room furnished in old oak?"

"But don't you think," I put in meekly, "that it is more likely to be the people who influence their surroundings, rather than the surroundings which influence the—?"

"Certainly not; but please don't argue—I'm only logical when I'm in the blues, and, as I said, I'm in an excitable red mood this morning. But as to what I was just saying, *Autres meubles, autres mœurs*, is how the proverb should run, undoubtedly."

"I've just had a rather amusing remark made to me by a client, Comtesse Z—," went on Monsieur Reutlinger. "Un peu bête, cette chère Comtesse. I had posed her little daughter up against the looking-glass over there, and was going to take the photo of the little imp kissing her reflection, when her mother remarked, 'Oh, M. Reutlinger, I do so disapprove of children kissing one another upon the mouth; couldn't you make her kiss her reflection on the cheek?' *Pas mal, hein?*"—and the genial artist roared with laughter at his professional joke.

"What wonderful strides your art has made in the last few years?" I observed.

"Hasn't it? And it is—if I may put it so—only in the infancy of its advancement. I am perfectly certain that in a year or two we shall find that photography will supersede the draughtsman in illustrating novels, for instance, and it will be a great stride in the right direction. Look at those photos of *Nos Baigneuses*—and he showed me a number of pretty sea-pictures—"well, every one of these was taken here in this studio." I marvelled at the effect produced, and he continued: "Besides, photography will do away with the wearying sameness of illustration. Photography represents humanity as it is—with a little aid from art now and then, perhaps" (this with a smile and a nod at the photo of a great actress whom I would not name for worlds), "while the draughtsman or painter gives us nothing but slightly varied reproductions of his ideal woman. Variations, if you will, but the same theme invariably."

"Yes," I said, "that's true! One can almost always recognise the artist by the woman he draws. Rylands, now, or; among the Parisians, Bac or Mars—now I could tell a Mars girl even if I only saw her from the rear." "Surtout, peut-être," laughed M. Reutlinger, and I changed the subject.

"I suppose you have a good deal of trouble with your pretty actresses sometimes, don't you?"

"Sometimes—not often. They are always in a hurry, of course, but I'm pretty quick. I took forty-nine different pictures of Réjane the other day in forty-five minutes, and she changed her dress twice. No, the only trouble I have is when they want to look young, and—how shall I put it?—well, and used to do so. Calvé is rather a sinner in that respect, but she makes a pretty picture, just the same, doesn't she? I think, on the whole, as far as actresses are concerned, I would rather take a picture of one who does not consider herself a beauty, and who takes some trouble to do what I tell her. Now, Jane Hading, for instance, would look lovely anyhow; but she gives me more bother than Réjane.

"An ugly woman scores by coming to you to be photographed," Réjane said the other day. "She's a delightful woman. *Spirituelle au*



MDLLE. CLÉO DE MÉRODE.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

bout des ongles (witty to her finger-tips). Good gracious! One o'clock! I must fly! Take as many photos as you like. Félix will give you anything you want, and au revoir. Come and see me soon." And M. Reutlinger went off to his lunch, and I to mine.

FRENCH BEAUTIES.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE BORZOI.

The Borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, was first brought over to this country about five-and-thirty years ago, but only within the last twelve or fourteen years has he become so popular. The establishment of the Borzoi Club in 1891 has been the means of making his merits more widely known, and nowadays no dog show of any pretensions at all omits classes for Borzois.

Although known to us in England as one of the gentlest and most amiable of dogs, the Russian wolfhound at home, where from the earliest times he has been bred for wolf-hunting, and not as a lady's pet, is both fierce and quarrelsome. Mr. F. Lowe, describing Mr. Kalmoutzky's pack of twenty-two couple, kept exclusively for hunting, refers to the large staff of kennel-men required to look after the hounds. They are so fond of fighting among themselves that men must always be on duty to interfere and stop breaches of the peace. The method of hunting wolves with these dogs is rather curious. The most suitable country for the purpose is a wide range of grass-land sparsely dotted with reed-beds where the wolves lie up during the day. One of these reed-coverts is selected, and mounted chasseurs, each having three wolfhounds in leash, quietly take up their positions on coigns of vantage near the covert; a pack of foxhounds is then brought up and thrown into the reeds, whence the wolves steal away as soon as they hear the "music" of the pack. The waiting chasseurs see the wolves leave the covert and slip one or a couple of their

Borzois, which give chase at sight, and generally run into the quarry within a mile. The hounds invariably seize the wolf by the neck, just below the ear, and hold on with the tenacity of a bulldog. Mr. Lowe observed that puppies at play always caught one another by the neck below the ear, showing the inherited effect of generations of training. When two Borzois thus "collar" a wolf, one on either side, the beast is so helpless that a man can come up and muzzle him without difficulty; into the ultimate fate of wolves thus taken alive we had, perhaps, better not inquire. Some travellers have described the speed of the Borzoi in pursuit as something phenomenal; Mr. Rawdon Lee, however, states that he is not so fast as the English greyhound, and Prince Obolensky, who has devoted much time and attention to breeding and hunting these dogs, declares his preference for English greyhounds, born in Russia, for wolf-hunting! His reasons do not appear. The Borzoi is not bigger nor heavier than the Scottish deerhound, a breed we see too rarely in these days; the average height is from 28 inches to

marked with red, fawn, yellow, or grey are common, and sometimes the markings are black or tan. There are two varieties: the long or thick coated, with beautifully feathered legs, which is the Borzoi Fashion has made her own in England, and the short or smooth coated dog; the two would not appear to be distinct, or *constant* varieties, to use the breeding term, as Russian authorities say that one litter may include both long and smooth haired puppies. The ears and tail are "points" to which experts attach great importance. The former should be small, thin, and wedge-shaped. Ospor II. and Lioubko carry their ears in excellent style. The tail should be long, thin, well feathered, and carried tucked in between the hind legs with a curve like a reaping-hook.

The result of some American trials of the Borzoi as a coyote hunter, made some years ago, were so disappointing that the dog was branded a fraud in a sporting capacity; but as these trials were made with dogs reared for society rather than hunting, they cannot be accounted of importance.

The Wolfhound Show at the Agricultural Hall in 1892 will no doubt be remembered. Some fifty dogs were shown there, many having been sent over from the best Russian kennels to compete. The best Russian shows are those at Moscow and St. Petersburg, where real working wolfhounds, more at home in the hunting-field than on the show-bench, are exhibited.

This magnificent trio of Borzois were the winners of the gold medal and cup offered by the Imperial Society for the Regulation of Sport in Russia at the recent great Dog Show at the former city (which was held in celebration

of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence) for the best team in the show. Naturally, typical Russian wolfhounds were a special feature. About a hundred and fifty were shown, and it was universally admitted that a better collection had never been seen; consequently these principal awards were no small honour to the recipients and to their owner, M. Artem Roldoreff. The dog in the group next to his master is Ospor II.; he is by the famous Charodie and Woronzowo Lihodkà; the latter was bred by the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaievitch, is now owned by Mrs. Musgrove, of the Borzoi Kennels, Wandsworth, and was shown for the first time in England at the Earl's Court Show in December. The second dog is Lebed III., and the third is Lioubko. All were also the winners of the great silver medals of Moscow. Tiranka, who is litter-sister to Ospor II., was also a winner of the last-named honour. For the benefit of the English judges, Mr. S. E. Shirley (President of the English Kennel Club), Dr. J. A. Salter, and Mr. Harry Jones (both members of the Committee of the Kennel Club), who



OSPOR II., LEBED III., AND LIoubko.



TIRANKA.

29½ inches at the shoulder, and a big dog may weigh as much as 100 lb. against the 75 lb. of a large greyhound; as is often the case among other breeds of dogs, and also among horses, the smaller Borzois are often the fastest, pluckiest, and most tenacious of grip.

Pure white is the colour most esteemed, and is the rarest; white coats



OSPOR II.

travelled all the long journey to Moscow for this show, and who judged all the dogs except the Russian breeds, some wolf-hunts were held on the Moscow racecourse, about two miles out of the city. This Moscow Dog Show seems to have been the most perfectly organised and carried-out function of the kind that has ever been held in any country.



MISS GWEN POWELL IN "LA POUPEE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS: A FRAGMENT.

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

They stood side by side in the gardens at Monaco. The boy leant back against the wall and looked out over the shining sea; the girl by his side looked up into his face. The air was sweet with the scent of flowers. Banksia roses flung great trailing branches across the shrubs by the pathway, and their blossoms made starry patches of white and yellow among the green of their leaves. Each bed was a mass of gorgeous colour. Hyacinths here, cinerarias close by; pansies in every shade of royal purple and dusky brown and yellow; brilliant-hued azaleas, orange and red geraniums, their pink flowers and ivy-leaves outlined against the brown earth, and great clumps of mignonette, whose fragrance mingled with the scent of hyacinths and roses.

The deep, deep blue of the Southern sky showed through the boughs of the trees, and the warm Southern sunshine filtered through the leaves and flickered over the beds of brilliant flowers.

The boy's eyes turned from the wide expanse of shimmering sea and looked down into the clear water that splashed softly against the worn cliff below the wall. The clearness of the water was like the clearness of some wonderful precious stone. The colour shifted in the flickering sunlight—now it was a vivid, exquisite green, the next moment blue as the heart of a sapphire. But always you could see, far down in its depths, the soft brown of the rocks beneath the clear, shifting water.

The boy and girl had been silent for several minutes. She spoke first, still looking wistfully into the grave young face above her.

"I wish things didn't have to come to an end," she said.

"It is pretty beastly, isn't it? But we've had a tip-top time, haven't we? And I don't think we shall ever forget it."

His voice was low, it had a pleasant intonation. He spoke rather quickly. There seemed always a sort of forcible directness about his mode of speech.

"Forget?" Her voice grew husky all at once. Her eyes left his face and glanced out at the misty, blue horizon, and as they looked they grew dim.

"Don't do that," he said hastily, and he moved closer to her. "I can't bear to see you look unhappy. We are sure to meet again soon. England isn't very big. It can't be very long, anyhow. Cheer up, Grace."

"England is not big—no, I know. But, oh, Frank, it isn't that. It wouldn't have seemed so hard if father had let me hear from you or write to you; it wouldn't have seemed so like everything coming to an end. As it is, I don't know how we shall ever meet. We have no settled home. We are sometimes in England, sometimes abroad. I do not even know where we are likely to be a few months hence, and—and—"

Her voice quivered. She looked at him again. He saw that her eyes were full of tears—her pretty eyes that had always seemed to him the very personification of laughter and joy. He took her hands, and drew her near to him. They were entirely alone in the little path by the wall; no living thing was in sight except the gulls that wheeled restlessly to and fro over the clear water and the brown rocks.

"We're awfully young, you see, dear," he said gently, "and—I've got my way to make. Your father, of course, is quite right not to let us tie each other in any way. You see, it would not be right. You are only seventeen—I am only twenty—and we've had an awfully good time this winter. And now I'm going to make myself fit to ask you, some day, what I ought not to ask you now."

He looked long and earnestly into the pretty face that gazed up at him—the pretty, girlish face that was so sweet and fresh and dainty, the eyes that were so clear and pure.

"But it is horrible saying good-bye, Frank, isn't it? And you may be quite different when I see you again. You won't change, will you?"

She clung to his hands with a little, impetuous, almost childish gesture.

"I don't think I shall change much," he said, and his mouth tightened a little in a straight, determined line. He looked younger even than his twenty years, but there was a curious strength of will-power about the mouth and chin, though the boyish smoothness of his face, the young clearness in his eyes, and the wave of fair hair that tumbled over his forehead gave him a strangely young expression.

"I shall always think of you," he went on, "and make myself fit to come back to you again."

There was a reverence in his tone, which the girl noticed, and a little sense of triumphant gladness welled up in her that she should have roused in him this love that was reverence too.

"I don't think I am good enough," she whispered humbly. "I am not worth being thought such a lot of."

"I think you are"—his laugh had a joyous ring in it—"and all the time we are apart, we can do one thing together—"

"What?" she asked.

"Why—we can—sort of—go on—and be plucky—and—and do right, you know—." He grew a little incoherent, and his face flushed. He was shy of speaking his deeper thoughts, even to the girl who had been his comrade all this happy winter.

She was silent, but she pressed closer to him, and her hand tightened over his, in token of understanding.

"I shall always think of you—as you look now," he whispered, his

eyes dwelling lingeringly on the delicate outlines of her face, the sweetness of her eyes, the colour that came and went softly in her cheeks.

"But I shan't always be like this," and she laughed mischievously. "I shall get old, and have grey hair, and wrinkles, and lots of things!"

"I don't care if you do have grey hair and wrinkles," he answered stoutly; "you'll have your own beautiful soul—and it's that I love, as well as your face. May I kiss you just once, because it's good-bye?"

She lifted her face to his, and he kissed it softly, with a lingering tenderness that dwelt in her memory for long afterwards.

"This is our real good-bye," he said. "I like to think that I shall always remember you framed in all this loveliness till we meet again." He looked across the shimmering sea and back to the garden of flowers, and then once more at the girl's face.

Then, without another word, they turned away from the wall and walked slowly down the pathway between the beds of gorgeous flowers, and out of the shady, fragrant garden into the brilliant sunshine of the old town and the rush of ordinary life.

"I wonder how you will like Tom's friend, Grace?"

"Tom's friend? Who is Tom's friend?"

"Mr. Leslie—Frank Leslie. He has only lately come home from the colonies, but he and Tom were old college friends, and he is coming down here this evening to dine and sleep."

"Frank Leslie, did you say? I believe I once knew him."

The two ladies sat in the big, cool drawing-room of a country house. The windows were wide open, long shadows lay on the lawn outside. The hostess, Mrs. Tom Shaw, looked up at her friend's question with some curiosity.

"Yes, Frank Leslie. Why do you ask like that? Did you know him?"

"I knew a Frank Leslie once—years ago. I wonder if it is the same? He was the son of a General Leslie."

"Of course, it is the same. How very nice, Grace!"

"Is it nice? My dear, it's years since I met the boy—years." Her tone was careless. Her eyes wandered idly out over the lawn to a great beech-tree, whose leaves rustled faintly in the evening air. The rustling brought all at once to her mind the soft singing of the wind in the tops of trees in a sunshiny garden, where the deep blue of the Mediterranean shone through the leaves.

"Oh," she went on, "it must be quite eighteen years since I met Frank Leslie. We were at Monaco. I wonder I even remember him at all."

"They call him Sir Galahad among his friends. Tom is wild about him. He says the man is unique. He certainly is very charming. But, to tell you the truth, Grace, he awes me. There is such an atmosphere of goodness about him; and, yet, he's awfully jolly too."

"Oh, my dear, he won't suit me, if he goes about with a private atmosphere of goodness. How simply appalling!"

"Not at all in your line, Grace?"

"Certainly not. Never mind, he may be amusing. Good people do sometimes manage to amuse me. They are so deliciously naïve."

Grace Fenton dressed for dinner that night with more than her usual care, and stood for many minutes looking at her own reflection in the long glass of her wardrobe.

"After eighteen years," she said aloud; "it is a long time. I was seventeen then—now I am thirty-five! It is a long time." In the silence of her own room she laughed a little. "I wonder how much I am changed," she went on, a shade of anxiety audible in her voice. "Why can't one remember, in the very least, what one was like at seventeen? I am not grey, anyhow"—and she softly patted her much-curled fringe. "I suppose my face is more lined than it was then. But, after all, he will have grown older, too. And, besides, what was it he said about not caring so much for my face as for my beautiful soul? Oh dear me!—my beautiful soul!" And she laughed a curiously hard laugh as she moved across the room. "What a very young boy he must have been eighteen years ago! Presumably, he won't expect beautiful souls now."

"I think you have met Miss Fenton before, Mr. Leslie?" Grace, sweeping into the drawing-room, was thankful for the rosy, subdued light of the lamps as a tall man rose to greet her.

"After eighteen years!" he said, as their hands met; and at the sound of his voice the luxurious, rose-tinted drawing-room all at once faded from her eyes, and the vision flashed before her of a far reach of Southern shimmering sea, a garden full of brilliant flowers and sweet fragrance, and a boy's fair face and clear eyes. In a second the vision was gone. She was smiling her most cultivated smile into the face above her, which, she realised with a sort of shock, had changed so marvellously little.

As was inevitable, it had grown older. But the eyes that met hers had still their frank, boyish expression; the face had retained the simplicity and purity which long ago had characterised it, though it had gained in depth and strength. He held her hand in a close, warm clasp for a moment, and she laughed her little, light laugh.

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"Fancy our meeting again after eighteen years! It is a long time," she said playfully; "we have both grown older."

Something that might have been disappointment flashed into his eyes; but they joined their host and hostess and the conversation became general.

He sat opposite to her at dinner.

She talked—well, a smart Society patter, which was almost Greek to the man fresh from a fresher part of the world. The sound of *her* voice recalled to him vividly the vision of the sunny garden and of a girl's fair face, which for all these years had been to him the embodiment of goodness and purity.

In the less subdued light of the dining-room he could see her face plainly. It was undoubtedly pretty still, but it was different. The eyes were bright, but they were hard. He did not notice the tiny crow's-feet round them, but he did observe that the purity and sweetness had gone out of their depths. The lines on her face were not many, but they gave just a touch of cynical fretfulness to the mouth whose girlish, soft curves he remembered. Her dress was elaborate, her hair more elaborate still, her complexion most elaborate, perhaps, of all.

His keen eyes saw it all. There was a look in them which she did not understand when her own met their glance across the dinner-table.

It was not until the next morning that they found themselves alone. Grace felt a strange desire to flee when he came into the boudoir where she sat writing letters. She rose to her feet impulsively. The man and woman faced each other silently in the middle of the room.

It was the silence of a few seconds only, but to Grace it seemed like hours. She laughed, at last—an artificial laugh, which made her listener wince unconsciously.

"Well," she said, "so we have really met again! You are wonderfully little changed—Frank. May it still be Frank?"

She glanced up at him with a little flutter of the eyelids which she had acquired since the days of the Monaco gardens.

"Of course," he answered simply. "I have tried so often in these years to find you. I have succeeded at last."

"You find me very much changed? Now, you needn't flatter, and say I am not!" She put her head a little on one side, and fluttered her eyelids again, with a laugh.

"Yes, I think you are very much changed." He spoke in his old simple, direct fashion, and very gravely.

Something that was half-amusement, half-annoyance, showed in her eyes. "You are not complimentary," she said.

"Complimentary?" He looked puzzled. "I am afraid I didn't think of being that. I thought only of the past—and—the present."

"You are not a bit changed," she said, and she moved a trifle impatiently; "you are as young as you were then!"

Her tone was almost irritable. The grave, clear eyes that watched her made her feel ill at ease.

All the little catch-phrases of her world, all the smart patter of Society, seemed to slip from her. A curious sense of aloofness from this man crept over her; an indefinable sensation of a great gulf that lay between her and the girl whom he had known before vexed her.

"We were very young in those days, weren't we?" she went on, smiling at him with a shade of defiance.

"Were we?" A touch of disappointment showed in the man's quiet voice.

"Did you expect to find me the same?" the impatient woman's tones continued: "It was very confiding of you if you did. Why, I was only—what? Seventeen, unfledged, and very schoolgirlish, I expect. And now—well, I have seen my share of life. I have considerable knowledge of the world, and—"

She paused abruptly. Instinct told her that this man cared less than nothing for the fact that she was an up-to-date, smart woman.

"I liked you unfledged." He spoke with curious abruptness.

"I am sorry I can't go back and be unfledged again, to please you"—her tone was flippant. "We have drifted apart, as was only natural. But one can't quite expect to take up a friendship again, just at the point one left off, after all these years."

She wondered, a trifle curiously, whether he were still unmarried; whether he meant to ask her to marry him; whether, through the years that had passed, he had been faithful to her. She was not sure whether *she* would care to marry *him*! He was so different from the men of the world of which she had become a part. She had an uneasy sense that he would expect more of her than she would be able to perform. And yet, somewhere at the bottom of the soul that had been choked up with worldliness and pettiness and smartness, there stirred a strange, pathetic yearning towards this man with the watchful eyes.

The two were seated now, and she tried to talk ordinary drawing-room chatter, but it fell flat. She moved restlessly on her chair, and fidgeted impatiently with her bangles.

"Did you expect me to be unchanged?" she exclaimed, all at once, irrelevantly.

"I knew you would get older," he said; "but I thought—"

"You thought my beautiful soul would remain the same! Oh dear, how funny!" Her laugh hurt him like a physical pain. "You know, I have seen life since those days, and life marks one's soul. But I've had a very good time, and Life (with a big L) has expanded me."

Defiance was in her voice again.

"Has the game been worth the candle?" It almost seemed as if the words were forced from him.

"Oh yes, rather! The real fact of the matter is, I have grown up, and you—have not." Her laugh was like a whimsical, hard echo of the

girl's laugh he remembered in the gardens at Monaco. "You are a boy still; I am a woman. Hence the gulf between us."

"A great gulf fixed," he quoted mechanically; but though she smiled, she knew that the gulf was of deeper depths than she tried to persuade herself was the case.

"But what have you done all this time," she asked lightly, "to keep yourself so young and so unchanged? You are like a pure boy still." He flushed at her words and rose from his seat.

"All these years," he said, "I have worked hard for you. I have tried to keep my hands clean for you."

"You have not married?" she put in suddenly.

A flash came into his eyes.

"No," he said; "I have always meant to come to you. You have been my ideal of everything that was good and beautiful."

"*I?*" It did not seem possible to say another word. Her eyes wavered and fell before his.

She, too, rose; some wave of regret must have swept over her soul. She put out her hands towards him with a curious little groping gesture.

"It is too late to go back," she said slowly. "The gulf is too deep. We belong to different worlds. We should make each other miserable. I am sorry I have broken your idol." She tried still to speak lightly, but it was a failure. There was silence in the room again for several seconds. Grace spoke first.

"I am afraid there is nothing more to be said," she began, and she had recovered her usual manner. "It is always a mistake to attempt to gather up old threads. It seems almost a pity we have met again, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps it is"; he spoke slowly. "I think now I had better go and find Shaw. I shall have to be going off soon."

Their hands met quietly. For a moment she scanned the strong face, and the shadow of deep disappointment in his eyes sent a stab of unaccustomed pain to her heart. Then the door shut gently behind him and he was gone.

She stood where he had left her, a bitter smile on her face.

"It is not often," she said, "that the man comes through life unscathed to find the woman changed. And I was his ideal! My beautiful soul!" Her laugh was mirthless. "I might have stood on his side of the gulf, if I had chosen, once. But there is no going back."

And in the soul of the man whirling back to London in the express was a strange medley of regret and numbing pain, and the vision of sunny gardens and of the waves lapping softly against the brown rocks mingled persistently with a girl's pure young face and the hard, worldly face of a woman, while, through all the visions, the clatter of the train beat an endless refrain in his ears and in his heart—"After eighteen years, after eighteen years!"

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

Within a very short space of time the Covent Garden opera season will be upon us, and, from all that one can gather, the preparations that have been made to secure its success are exceedingly complete and satisfactory. The sad and sudden death of Seidl has, at the last moment, necessitated some changes; but, sorry as everybody must be that so devoted a musician and so intelligent a conductor has been taken away in the very prime of his powers, it is excellent news to learn that Herr Mottl has consented to direct the gigantic fortunes of the "Ring des Nibelungen," as arranged for the season by Mr. Alfred Schulz Curtius. Londoners have had experience of Mottl's wonderful powers in Wagnerian conducting at the now famous Wagner Concerts, which Mr. Schulz-Curtius has organised year by year at the Queen's Hall; from that experience it has been easy to arrive at the conclusion that in this conductor you have one of the greatest musical directors of our time; and it will be a rare treat to hear him actually with the living music-drama unrolling under his hands. Herr Zumepe will take in hand the Wagnerian works of the season outside the "Ring." This is a new-comer to whose work everybody looks forward with some anxiety, since on these particular works so much depends in the success of a season nowadays. Indeed, as it has been so far arranged, no less than three Wagner operas will be given in the first week. The opening night will bring us "Lohengrin" (May 9), in which Mr. Van Dyck and Madame Emma Eames will take the principal parts. On the Wednesday M. Van Rooy is to make his London operatic débüt as Wotan in "Die Walküre," and on the Saturday of the same week M. Jean de Reszke will make his first appearance as Tristan to Madame Nordica's Isolde. In the intervals Gounod will be represented twice, by his "Faust" and by his "Roméo et Juliette," and "Carmen" will take the remaining day of the week. Nothing, as these bare statements show, could be more brilliant than these anticipatory arrangements. Of course, it is not to be expected that the whole season will run upon quite such heavy lines as these. Subscribers will have their way, and not every subscriber cares about Wagner in such abundance. They will have their "Iucia" (for Melba is returning!), and their early Verdi—of that you may be very certain. Then Calvè is coming among us, after too long an absence, and, among other parts, is to take Ofelia in Thomas's "Hamlet," a part by which she reduced the present writer to an abject condition of slavery when he saw her ten years ago at the Costanzi Theatre, in Rome. Add Saint-Saëns' "Henry VIII.," and the more or less customary operatic list, which, however, includes Gluck's "Orfeo," and the "Nozze" and "Don Giovanni," and you have some idea of the feast in preparation.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR AT THE NEW GALLERY.

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THE SIGNAL.—C. E. HALLÉ.

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FUGITIVES.—C. E. HALLE.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR AT THE NEW GALLERY.

The chief interest of the New Gallery this year lies undoubtedly in the extreme excellence of its portraits. Portraits there are of great excellence, painted by the well-known masters of portraiture no less than by others not hitherto exceedingly prominent before the public. First, of course, in importance come the Sargents—as usual so amazing a collection that at a first glance the average visitor is frightened clean away, and then is drawn back by an irresistible attraction. There are four by this artist, and of these undoubtedly the cleverest is "Mrs. Thursby." The lady is seated in an arm-chair, upholstered white; she is herself dressed in purple, and starts forward in a somewhat eager attitude, her hands against her side, her polished shoe raised to a foot-stool. Here is life, life at its keenest, its extreme edge; not life, it may be, in any extraordinary intellectual development, but full of its own personal significance, its individual excess. The arms are tense, the eyes are looking out upon the world self-confident and yet just a trifle restless. Everything is right, and yet everything is startling. Time will bring to lovers of this very splendid art the sense of serenity which, in its extremity of modern sentiment, is perhaps missed just for the moment. The portrait of "John Cohen, Esq., Q.C." is not so excessively fine, but—tired though Mr. Sargent must be to hear the epithet—it is extremely clever. It has

a curious commingling of the pure type with the individual realisation of the type which is excessively engrossing. Mr. Shannon's portraits are, for the most part, full of charm, with just that sympathetic distinction which shows him always at his best, and with the cleverness which, though it does not take hold of you with such an obsession as does the cleverness of Mr. Sargent, is, nevertheless, quite admirable and attractive. Mr. C. E. Hallé has now arrived at the possession of a style altogether personal and peculiar. You are immediately arrested before his canvases with the knowledge that this is just Mr. Hallé, and could not by any possibility be anybody else. His portrait of "Miss Ilona Bibenschütz" is by far his best achievement of the season. It is an exquisite likeness, but the picture errs, possibly, on the side of extreme smoothness. It has been "licked into shape" with too serious an effort. Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "Mrs. Forbes Brown of New Hall" is one of his most impressive recent pictures. Of the less interesting portraits I have to note Mr. Byam Shaw's "Evelyn, Daughter of J. N. Pyke-Nott, Esq." which is quite absurd in its affectations; and Mr. Arthur Melville's portrait of

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.—C. E. HALLÉ.

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Mrs. Graham Robertson is rather the picture of a fantastic dress than of a human being. Mr. Graham Robertson's portrait of Mr. G. Aubrey Smith in costume is flamboyant, but less strong than it seems at first sight.



A SPRING PHANTASY.—GEORGE WETHERBEE.

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QUOTH THE RAVEN, "LUCK GALORE!"



WHO SAYS THE POLICEMAN'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE?

ALL ABOUT PERUGIA.

A new series of books, and more particularly the first volume of the set, is always interesting; but more than usual interest attaches to "The Story of Perugia," which opens Messrs. J. M. Dent's "Mediaeval Towns," for its authors, Miss Margaret Symonds and Miss Lina Duff-Gordon, are the heirs of a strong literary gift. Miss Symonds is the



MISS MARGARET SYMONDS.

daughter of the late John Addington Symonds, who spent his life over the very subject (witness his "Renaissance in Italy") which has fascinated his daughter. Her collaborator has a remarkable ancestry in literature, as you will note by this little table—

JOHN AUSTIN	=	SARAH TAYLOR,
The great writer on Jurisprudence, 1790-1859.		Translated Ranke's Works, 1793-1867.

LUCIE, Lady Duff-Gordon (1831-1869), wrote	"Letters from Egypt."
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Janet (Mrs. Ross), wrote "Three Generations of Englishwomen."	Sic Maurice Duff-Gordon.
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LINA DUFF-GORDON,	Joint Author of "The Story of Perugia."
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To return to "The Story of Perugia," the book has not only charming literary qualities of its own, but is a little masterpiece from the point of view of the experienced bookmaker. The authors have very happily stated in the preface their intention of treating their subject as the heroine of a romance, not with a flourish of heavy tomes and authorities, but daintily, as one who, looking over some long-forgotten correspondence, will linger on the trifles which show character rather than on the mere chain of events. And a beautiful heroine the old hill-city is. To visit Perugia and her Tuscan sister, Siena, is to join the inner brotherhood of travellers in Italy. These twin cities stand now within their perfectly preserved walls and towers as unspoiled relics of the great days. Strong enough formerly to maintain their independence and commercial individuality, they have not suffered, as Milan, Bologna, or Florence, the civilisation of nineteenth-century towns. I can well remember the supreme delight caused by my first impression of Perugia. Our dilatory Italian train from Florence had crawled all day up the valley of the Arno, past Arezzo and Cortona, the home of Luca Signorelli, and along the wooded shores of Trasimene. We were coming near to our destination about sundown, and, looking out of the train-window with the sun behind me as our way made a bend eastwards "upon a mild declivity of hill," I saw a white crown of buildings just touched with the setting sun rise slowly out of the ground. Really, owing to our gradual change of position, the slope of the hill in front was receding sideways from the field of view to reveal the towers of Perugia; but the contrary illusion was complete, and the city seemed to be rising upwards into the sky. On the right first appeared the monastery and slender campanile of San Pietro; next came the grim, battered tower of San Domenico, and,

highest of all, the whitewashed Prefettura, built on the commanding site of Paul Farnese's demolished citadel.

The authors have preserved all the past and present charm of their subject in the historical sketch. Right up to the time of its final subjugation by Pope Paul III., the narrative is carried forward with fervid interest, and with a unity of style remarkable in the work of two heads. Miss Symonds makes use of one or two effective passages from her father's "Sketches in Italy," but the book does not depend for its value on a pot-pourri of quotations. If one may suggest an improvement, it would be to ask for a greater simplicity of style, especially in the chapters dealing with the art of Perugia. The Umbrian school of painting is accepted with too few reservations, and something of Perugino's easy sentiment creeps into the appreciation of his work. On the other hand, one of the great revelations of Perugia, the polychrome sculpture of Agostino di Antonio Duccio, or Ducci, as he is called, is too summarily treated. The illustrations by Miss James are tasteful and in the key of the book, but suffer in reproduction from being too much reduced in scale. If one is right in thinking, from a passage in the book, that the publishers propose to devote a subsequent volume of the series to the neighbouring Assisi, the home of St. Francis, it may be hoped that the work will fall into equally sympathetic hands.

THE MUSIC OF "THE PRESS BALLET."

M. Leopold Wenzel has published the score of his "Press Ballet," now being performed at the Empire Theatre, and by so doing he advances fresh claim and title to the recognition and appreciation that come to him from all sides. To properly appreciate his accomplishment, it is necessary to consider the difficulties attendant upon its achievement. The Ballet affords very little scope for imagination. Papers are too prosy for treatment by a poet; to set them to music is a task that may well baffle a musician of more than average skill. Then, again, M. Wenzel is handicapped by the fact that, being a foreigner, he is not in touch with the policy or significance of the bulk of the newspapers, and cannot readily express or differentiate their policies in musical form. When these facts are remembered, the most captious critic will be compelled to render high praise to the score. Scholarly to an extent that makes it worthy of careful consideration, the music of "The Press Ballet" exhibits all the composer's mastery of orchestral resources, his intimate acquaintance with the exact capacity of each instrument and set



MISS LINA DUFF-GORDON.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

of instruments, his power of giving colour, light, and shade to the leading themes, and of presenting delightful melody in orthodox form. Seeing the difficulties the composer had to face, failure would have been no disgrace, success is all the more creditable. Needless to say, the score will be the despair of the amateur whose eyes and fingers cannot keep pace with the composer's thoughts, but the music deserves and repays study.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TAUCHNITZ.

A few words about the present head of this great publishing house may interest many. Tourists and English residents abroad are gratefully familiar with the name, but to these it is a name only. Contemporary writers are thereby reminded of agreeable business transactions, and often of delightful holiday visits as well. Maybe at Leipzig, maybe in the country near, they have enjoyed hospitality of princely kind, combined with patriarchal genuineness and freedom from restraint. Under the Tauchnitz roof it was impossible to think of one's gala clothes or conventional modes of making oneself agreeable. Straightway the guest felt himself at home, member of a warm-hearted, genial family circle. We found ourselves, too, in a twofold world of books at Schloss Kleinschocher, the country seat, a vast and handsome room holding the library founded by its owner, on drawing- or breakfast-room table the latest contributions to French, English, and German literature. It was here,



BARON TAUCHNITZ.
Photo by Höfft, Berlin.

in 1881, that I made the acquaintance of two now well-known novelists, Karl Franzos and André Theuriet, a work of each having just attracted the notice of the late Baron Tauchnitz; and here I would observe that, although it has been impossible to confine the Continental series of English authors to literature strictly speaking, in so far as possible non-literature is excluded. If we run our eyes through the catalogue, we shall seek in vain for many names whose second, third, or fourth "large editions being exhausted, another is in preparation," so we read. Novels of which we learn that a million copies are sold here have not been added to the Tauchnitz library. Truth to tell, the founder of the great publishing house, the late Baron, was a man of letters first and a man of business afterwards. The same may be said of his son and successor. Their series must, of course, be representative; it would be interesting and instructive as well to compare the number of English novels published at Leipzig in a year with the number of those left alone.

Baron Tauchnitz the elder, who died just two years ago at a ripe old age, began business as a publisher when only twenty-one. From very modest beginnings and by a happy stroke of genius, the firm is now one of the first, employing a thousand workmen. Although Leipzig is a centre of Socialism, no strike or disturbance has ever occurred in these works. Wages have doubled within the last generation, taxation and expenses generally have increased at an enormous rate, yet the well-printed little Tauchnitz volume has never risen in price. Less generous to English authors than the great German publisher are their own countryfolk. It is curious that well-bred and, in other respects, high-principled people should see no harm whatever in smuggling these editions, to the direct injury of living authors. Not long since, several flagrant instances in point came under the notice of

the present writer, friends and acquaintances showing her their recently acquired Tauchnitz edition of a new work. Thus, for the sake of a miserable half-crown, the Continental issue costing two shillings and the English four-and-sixpence, an international treaty and the interests of an acquaintance, even a friend, are unblushingly set aside. The thought never seems to occur to these contrabandists that such an act is the height of meanness.

The Tauchnitz edition is meant, and meant only, for use outside of England.

The house of Tauchnitz, on the contrary, is loyalty itself. An author is directly dealt with—not through the mediation of publisher or agent.

The present Baron, whose fine presence suggests rather the diplomat than the publisher, is, as his portrait shows, in the prime of life. With his charming and highly accomplished wife and young family, he spends the summer at Schloss Kleinschocher and the winter in Leipzig, music, the drama, books, and society relieving the routine of business. That Tauchnitz box at the Leipzig Opera House, what pleasant evenings it recalls! "Lohengrin," delightful even to an anti-Wagnerite, Weber's fascinating "Preciosa," these are among the souvenirs of one author's visits to the great publisher's.

The late Baron once lamented to me the events of 1870-71 as affecting his personal relations.

"I never visit Paris now," he said just ten years after the war, "a city always so delightful, and the outlook is dark to me."

Whatever happens, his son and successor will always be a *persona grata* on our shores. "Made in Germany" is no term of reproach when applied to the wares of the world-famous Leipzig printing-press.

M. BETIAM-EDWARDS.

A SONG OF MAY.

NONE-SO-PRETTIES.

Lilac and lavender and hoarfrost-white,
Your border waves its colours to the sun;
Virginia-stocks grow low, but every one
Gives all her beauty to the questing light.

Not one flower finds the light's demand amiss
For gold or silver that she has to spend;
The white spreads all her white; her rosier friend
Shows even the petal where the tatter is.

The lily's ignorant white is sad of cheer;
But these are high of courage: glad are these
Against all changes of the changing year—
Untempered sun or overshadowing trees.—NORA HOPPER



THE SCHLOSS KLEINSCHOCHER, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF
BARON TAUCHNITZ.

WHERE OUR WATER-CRESSES COME FROM.

Water-cress is now in its prime, and many tons of it are daily used in London and the large towns. The area under cultivation increases yearly, yet few people are aware that it is grown in fields (submerged ones, it is true). They associate it with the winding brook or streamlet, and imagine that it grows of its own sweet will. This is not so, for much

motion, for stagnant water is fatal—it encourages the growth of weeds and fungi, not to mention frogs. The main stream is dammed, and water is admitted (through a sluice which regulates the supply) and allowed to run over the new field, clearing it of mud, for a clean, gravelly bottom is essential. Next, the cress-men, in high, water-tight boots, place cress-roots about three inches apart, securing the root with a stone where the stream is strongest. In a few weeks the plant is rooted, the growth varying with the temperature of the water. Thus, in



WATER-CRESS BEDS.

art and skill are required to obtain good water-cress. In the first place, a constant supply of pure water is essential, consequently the cress-fields are generally in the vicinity of brooks or rivers; and very picturesque they are, as they follow the windings of the stream, the banks on each side being decked with ferns or flowers, or bordered by the fruit-gardens of the owners. Several tributaries of the River Colne are thus utilised. One of these, the Bulbourne, which rises near Tring, Herts, is flanked for miles by water-cress beds. To make a cress bed the surface of the ground bordering the stream is excavated to within about ten inches of the ordinary level of the water. The cress bed must have a good fall, to keep the water in constant

some places warm springs are found, such as the one supplying the cress bed shown in the illustration, the possessor of which is able to supply the early spring market. This led to the use of artesian wells, the water from which is always warm in winter. The cresses need constant attention. Men provided with long wooden rakes pass to and fro over the beds, agitating the surface, in order to dislodge green weeds, frogs, or injurious insects. The first crop, cut when the stems are some two inches long, fetches the best price; as the season advances, the supply increases and the price decreases. The tops are placed in a zinc tray and conveyed to the washing-shed, where each bunch is carefully picked over and washed in running water before being packed into wicker hampers.



WATER-CRESS BEDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JUBILEE.

FIFTY YEARS OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION.

Fifty years ago, on May 1, 1848, in a quiet-looking, old-fashioned house in Harley Street a novel educational institution was opened, under the name of Queen's College.

Abroad, the year 1848 was marked by strange and violent revolutions, but probably few of those who looked doubtfully at the prospectus of the new College dreamed that they were seeing the beginning of a revolution at home, peaceful indeed, but of the most far-reaching character, which, in the course of half a century, was to transform the whole position of women. For the foundation of Queen's College was the first definite and practical step in the great movement for the better education of women, which, sweeping onward with ever-increasing success, has not only opened to them the ancient seats of learning, but has given them opportunities of work previously unthought of, and a share in the duties and privileges of citizens.

Women who have grown up surrounded by all those facilities for education provided by high schools and colleges, who have heard the profession of teaching glorified on every side as one of the noblest and most influential open to their sex, can hardly realise the conditions which existed in 1848, when a band of professors of King's College, under the leadership of Frederick Denison Maurice, united with the Rev. David Laing, the honorary secretary of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, to establish a College where women might obtain a liberal education and governesses be granted certificates of proficiency. Female education was at an inconceivably low ebb in the early part of the present century. Superficial accomplishments were the only things considered. Girls were sent to school to be "finished" at studies which they had never really begun. Countless hours were wasted on music and singing, quite regardless of a total want of taste in the pupil. Modern languages were taught more or less efficiently, but English subjects, such as history and literature, were almost entirely neglected. When still quite a young man, Maurice had hotly attacked the fashionable educational methods, objecting more particularly to the manner in which the memory was trained at the expense of the understanding by the use of Catechisms and Guides to Knowledge, and to the teaching of literature by means of "Elegant Extracts" and "Books of Beauties." Miss F. P. Cobbe's lively description of the expensive finishing-school which she attended probably applied equally to all. "A better system," she writes, "could scarcely have been devised to obtain the maximum of cost and labour and the minimum of solid results. . . . Everything was taught in the inverse ratio of its true importance. At the bottom of the scale were Mortals and Religion; at the top were Music and Dancing."

The hopeless position of governesses at this period will be familiar to all readers of Thackeray and Dickens. The Governesses' Benevolent Institution was originally founded to try and ameliorate their sufferings and to assist them in old age; but their efforts in this direction had shown the committee that, if any

permanent good was to be effected, it could only come through a general improvement in the status of the profession. The first step was to render governesses more competent, and, with this end in view, Queen's College was founded. Yet many who were not without sympathy for the melancholy condition of governesses still looked with suspicious eyes on the new venture, and were inclined to regard it as a daring attempt to set aside the arrangements of Providence. Proof sufficient of the existence of this opinion can be found in a certain famous article in the *Quarterly Review* criticising two celebrated novels, in each of which the heroine is a governess, "Vanity Fair" and "Jane Eyre." It may, however, not be so generally remembered that a third book is also reviewed in this article, the Annual Report of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, in which an account is given of the establishment of Queen's College. The *Quarterly* reviewer is filled with pity for the miseries of governesses, but the only solatium he can suggest is higher pay. He dwells on the painful fact that we need "the imprudencies, extravagancies, mistakes, or crimes of a certain number of fathers to sow the seed from which we reap the harvest of governesses." A governess has no equal, and therefore can have no sympathy, and not even her pupils can ever be her friends. And these grievances, far more intolerable than insufficient pay, he has no hope, nor even any wish, to see remedied; governesses must be in a state of isolation, because the reserve and decorum of English manners require it, and the "familiarity which should level all distinction a right-thinking governess would scorn to accept." Evidently the reviewer would be in entire sympathy with the lady who, when one of her little boys expressed affection for Charlotte Brontë, exclaimed, "Love the *Governess*, my dear!" And, though he benevolently hopes that the College will do something to promote the interests of this down-trodden class, he objects to the proposed certificates on the ground that no parent of sense expects a governess to teach an accomplishment like a regular professor, but only to superintend the studies of her pupils.

The scheme of lectures with which the College opened was indeed daring for those days, and the desirability of such subjects as Latin and mathematics was urged in a rather apologetic manner. The previous year had seen the publication of Tennyson's "Princess," and Maurice in



THE LIBRARY OF THE COLLEGE.
Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill.

his inaugural address defends the College from the charge of imitating that magnificent dream ; but the very name "college" in connection with female education was a startling novelty. The list of lecturers for the first term is of great interest—

English Literature and Composition, the Rev. Charles Kingsley; English Language, the Rev. A. B. Strettell; French, Isidore Brasseur, of King's College; Latin, the Rev. S. Clark, Vice-Principal St. Mark's College, Chelsea; Italian,



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, HARLEY STREET.

Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill.

Dr. Beolchi; History and Geography, the Rev. C. G. Nicolay; Natural Philosophy, the Rev. M. O'Brien, of King's College; Theology, the Rev. F. D. Maurice; Mathematics, the Rev. T. G. Hall, of King's College; Vocal Music, John Hullah, of King's College; Harmony, W. Sterndale Bennett; Fine Arts, H. Warren, President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

The Introductory Lectures, in which the spirit and methods of the new College were set forth, aroused a good deal of opposition, and Maurice and Kingsley were especially attacked. The inclusion of Theology was a source of contention, and Maurice's view that all the subjects taught had a religious side, if their true meaning was felt and explained, and that religion was not a thing meant for Sundays only, but a living force that should affect every part of life, was too startling to command general assent. It is not easy to imagine what a new world his lectures must have opened to girls who had hitherto been confined to Catechisms of Scripture History, and who had been recommended to fast on Ash Wednesday as "good for their souls and their figures."

But the College prospered, in spite of all attacks : there were two hundred entries in the first term, and in 1853 it obtained a Royal Charter. Few colleges can boast such a succession of distinguished principals. Maurice was succeeded by Dr. Trench, who was followed by Dean Stanley; and Dean Plumptre, the Rev. J. Ll. Davies, and Canon Elwyn have held the same position. Among its scholars were numbered the great pioneers of education—Miss Buss, Miss Beale, and Miss Davies, and it is by the mention of such names as these that the important work which Queen's College has done can best be estimated. Its pupils went forth to different parts of England and founded schools modelled on the lines of the College, and by their character and talents raised the profession of teaching to the honourable place it now holds. When, after an interval of thirty years, the *Quarterly Review* again considers the position of teachers, the change wrought is startlingly apparent. The *Review*, which in 1848 declared that a lady whose father had fallen into misfortune wanted nothing more to be a *beau-ideal* governess, regrets in 1878 that, "as a rule, the governess class have been painfully and curiously unfitted for their duties, and have only undertaken them of necessity."

Queen's College was largely instrumental in bringing about this great and beneficial change. In these days of competitive examinations, it has, perhaps, fallen rather into the background, for, resolutely following the ideas of its great founder, Maurice, it has always set before its students the desirability of knowledge for its own sake, and has held out

against the examination mania ; and perhaps in future years it may help to lead women's education into wiser paths. In honour of the jubilee, which is being celebrated this week by special meetings and gatherings of past and present students, an effort is to be made to raise the necessary funds for the enlargement and improvement of the premises. Improvements are very greatly needed, but it is satisfactory to know that the old site in Harley Street, surrounded by so many interesting associations, is to be retained. Provided with new buildings, Queen's College should enter on its second half-century with every assurance of continued success and prosperity.

In honour of this jubilee, the Council has just issued an interesting volume on the work of the College, entitled "Memories and Records of Work Done, 1848-1898." Edited by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, it consists of contributions from various old pupils, and reprints the lecture on the aims of the College which Maurice delivered in the Hanover Square Rooms in 1848. Miss Croudace leads off with a short history of the College, and Miss Dorothea Beale, who was one of the teachers between 1849 and 1856, and who is now Principal of Cheltenham College, gives some reminiscences. For the rest, the articles are very varied. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree reverts to her college days with a pretty touch. The Beringer girls tell how they played Romeo and Juliet. Mrs. Lovibond describes how she became a brewery director—she gave evidence the other day on brewing materials before a Parliamentary committee. Miss Adeline Sergeant holds forth on novel-writing as a career for women ("The very best way is to write, and write, and write"). Mrs. Bagot Harte, in dealing with the same subject, declares that "Wise husbands should hesitate before they try to suppress the literary proclivities of their wives, and women who write should be careful not to depose their husbands in favour of their books." Miss Mildred Heather Bigg deals with nursing as a career, Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake with medicine, Miss A. G. Freer with gardening, and Mrs. Davenport tells how she kept a school for boys and prepared the sons and grandsons of a host of notable people—from the Duke of Argyll to Sir William Harcourt—for English public schools. The volume is, indeed, very interesting. It is rather a pity, however, that a list of the graduates of the College from first to last was not given, or, at least, that the dates of the writers' attendance were not added.



DEAN PLUMPTRE WATCHES THE COLLEGE TO-DAY.

Photo by Bolas, Ludgate Hill.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In "Porphyron" (Grant Richards) Mr. Laurence Binyon has made a longer, a more ambitious effort than in his "London Visions." One begins to read it nervously, lest it pale a most worthily bright reputation. It hardly does that, but there is not very much pleasure to be got out of it. The subject is good enough. Here is his own account of the argument—

A young man of Antioch, flying from the world, in that enthusiasm for the ascetic life which fascinated early Christendom, dwells some years a hermit in the Syrian desert; till, by an apparition of magical loveliness, his life is broken up, and his nature changed: returning to the world, he embraces every vicissitude, hoping to find again the lost vision of that ideal beauty.

But Mr. Binyon seems to have liked the story without being possessed by it. His hero is hardly realised; so far as he is so, he appears to be a very good and rather dull young man. The quest is a lifeless affair, and just the kind of indefinite subject which is least within the compass of this talented young poet. Where he excels is in the making of pictures; but a succession of pretty pictures will not do in lieu of a narrative, and though "Porphyron" is cultivated, musical, and in detail artistic, we get tired of it before the end. The volume, the largest Mr. Binyon has yet sent out, contains enough charming and delightful things, however, to cover the doubtful success of the title-poem. There are London visions, and in his old field he is always a master. I think the best piece of all is "The Fire," not merely as a picture of the physical shape and colour of blazing ruin, but as a revelation of the outer and inner man of every looker-on—

Upon their faces joy,
Within their bosoms fear :

And in their hearts they see,
Rushing in ardent ruin out of sight,
With all her splendour, with her streaming robe
Of seas, and her pale peoples, the vast globe
A sudden ember crumble into night.

With one of the narrative poems he has had more success than with "Porphyron." "The Supper" is a dialogue between a rich youth and a chance company of guests he has invited from the street. Whether there be literal truth or not in the conversation of the women, the thief, the sandwich-men, and the rest, there is a most convincing climax when they turn and rend their host for his cruel caprice of kindness that has awokened miseries and desires better sleeping, and when he is only saved from their uttermost cursing by the grim intercession of one who in better days has learned his host's speech. This man proclaims the rich host the wretchedest of them all. For they carry their several burdens, but to him a glimpse has been opened of the fathomless misery of the whole of life—

We heap our table before you.
Eat and be filled: we go.
O friend, that had pity on us,
It is we that have pity on you.

Mr. Binyon, it will be observed, has little care for rhyme. His work is marked by several distinguished successes in the matter of metre and rhythm, and by a general lack of care in detail. As he does not seem doomed to be one of the harsh poets, a little urging from his admirers and critics may encourage him to make his lyrical and musical occasions more frequent. In "Separation," he is singer as well as poet—

In a day, in a night have flown
Ages on ages fleet.
At dawn I wander alone
In a strange, in a silent street.
O love, far off in the clime
Of our joy, remember, and bend
From that early glory of Time
To one at his desolate end.

Mr. Harland has collected another batch of his graceful stories. A comparison of the new book, "Comedies and Errors" (Lane), with the former one, "Grey Roses," will show no falling off. His material is limited; but he makes wonderful use of it, shows it in all kinds of lights, and the designs of his embroidery are not wanting in variety. In Rome, Florence, Paris—anywhere but in workaday London—his scenes are laid. There is always an idle young man of artistic proclivities ready to be hero, or narrator, or both. There is always an easy atmosphere, either begotten of wealth and unconventional elegance, or of the good-natured manners and customs of Bohemians. In reading his tales we get the delightful sensation of running through Europe without a "Bædeker." The lighter, pleasanter traits of human nature he can make living in his stories as hardly another writer of English can do to-day. He can also dimly suggest the bothers and worries, and even the tragedies, of existence; but he wisely goes no further in that direction, for he has guessed that, were he to be serious, he might be very heavy. In "P'tit-Bleu" there is a touch of prosiness, because he has made the heroine not merely good-natured, in the light, jaunty, Bohemian fashion, but patiently devoted. Few writers know their limitations so well. Perhaps Mr. Harland even knows his well enough to resist the temptation of writing a novel. In a novel, one has to tackle realities sooner or later, unless one follows the lead of Mr. Anthony Hope—and he doesn't write novels nowadays. But this reminds me that Mr. Harland has followed his lead, or has been similarly inspired, in two of the best stories of the book, in "The Queen's Pleasure" and "Merely Players." He treats the piquant possibilities of adventure in the smaller Courts of Europe with a light and graceful and masterly hand.

o. o.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

It is amusing, though hardly pleasant, to read the recent Chinese correspondence. There have been diplomats who lied cheerfully and impudently, and Ministers of State who coolly repudiated their engagements as soon as the fulfilment of them became inconvenient. Among these, Russian diplomats and Ministers have generally, not to say exclusively, been found; and the wily Mouravieff is worthy of a high place among Russian public servants. He gives an assurance that "any port" leased by China to Russia shall be an "open port"; he permits a copy to be taken of a telegram to that effect; then, the lease having been given, he calmly proceeds to point out that the assurance was not written—only telegraphed—that it merely represented his own sentiments or hopes, and not necessarily the policy of his Government; and that one of the leased ports is to be shut altogether, and the other—or, according to later reports, half of it—opened as a "treaty port," and not a free port, as one would naturally suppose. And—this is the cream of the whole controversy—the shutting of Port Arthur to trade is done in deference to the sensibilities of China! it being notorious that the lease of the port was only extorted by a threat of instant war. After this there is no more to say. The ghosts of Ananias and Sapphira sink into the background of history. The "Yellow Press" hides its diminished "scare-heads." The phantoms of the departed Russian diplomats, straying back from a less wintry clime, bow to the successor who has eclipsed them, and exclaim, "Mentiris impudentissime." And they know their—and his—business.

But if the correspondence is a revelation of Mouravieff the Mendacious, it also is far too complete an exhibition of Salisbury the Simple. With his long experience, our Premier must have known what was meant, no matter what was said. Especially must he have known the value to be attached to Russian assurances on any point. He must have remembered the way in which the clause of the Treaty of Berlin by which Batoum was to remain a commercial port was left outside the body of the treaty—ear-marked for repudiation. Some States have observed treaties to their own inconvenience when there was little danger in breaking them—Russia never. Some States have been disarmed of their hostility by courteous and considerate responses, by minor concessions—Russia never.

Probably the cession of Port Arthur, sooner or later, was inevitable. It is plain that the Russians would have gone to war for it, and the only way to resist them on land and prevent them from absorbing Pekin would be an Anglo-Japanese alliance. The Japanese might be able to face the Russians, or again, they might not; and, beyond question, England would have to pay their expenses. But, if inevitable, it should have been discounted from the first, and not haggled over and fruitlessly opposed. And the apologetic tone taken as regards the visit of British ships to Port Arthur is an offence to his country for which Lord Salisbury deserves a reprimand. When Russia complained that the presence of a couple of cruisers there had made "a bad impression," the only answer proper for a British Minister was to say that he would correct the impression by sending the rest of the China Squadron there and keeping it there. For even now our ships have by treaty the right to enter the harbour. And this would have had its effect on the Tartar mind, East or West.

The question now to be decided is—what precise aggression are we prepared to oppose by force of arms? This must be settled by our statesmen, and the means for opposition must be prepared. The new Chinese Navy, which will largely be built in British ports, must be trained by British officers, and rendered a fit and efficient auxiliary. All attempts to oust British instructors and officials must be resisted at all costs. And the work must be begun of organising the Chinese into a drilled modern army. They are more promising material than were the Egyptian fellahs, and yet the "Gypsies" have been made into men fit to go over a Dervish zariba side by side with Highlanders and Soudanese. We cannot spare our Kitchener yet, but we have some more of the same sort, surely. The Heathen Chinee is ingenious, obedient, and careless of death; if not exactly brave. He had not much the worst of it in his last little tussle with France, though the Japanese had an easy bargain of him. But then he was fighting with weapons that he had not proved, a sort of decrepit David in the armour-clads of Saul. Given a strong, simple breech-loader, with his rations and pay sure as the sun, and a man he trusted to lead him, John Chinaman would be a hard nut to crack.

But what we do, we must do quickly. The lease of Port Arthur and Talienshan is only a beginning. It seems that 35,000 Russians are to be sent out there—thrice as many as are necessary for a garrison, and nearly as many as fought at Inkerman. This can only mean that some move is contemplated that may very probably lead to a war. It is already plain that no Power is for the present anxious to attack Russia in the East. Therefore, it would seem that Russia means to attack, or at least defy, some other Power. And there are exactly two Powers that are threatened.

For the present there is quiet. It will take months for the troops to get round, and for the supplies to be stored. But when men and guns, stores and ammunition, are assembled at Port Arthur and elsewhere, something rather serious will happen. And if we are not ready, it will be more than serious for us.

MARMITON.

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SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, May 4, 8.25; Thursday, 8.27; Friday, 8.29; Saturday, 8.30; Sunday, 8.32; Monday, 8.34; Tuesday, 8.35.

A quixotic young millionaire well known in Mayfair and Belgravia—as well as in Bermondsey—has lately taken to going out to dinner à bicyclette. He says that he means to make use of this mode of locomotion in the evenings throughout the Season; first, because he objects to taking out his horses at night; secondly, on account of the stimulating effect the exercise has upon his appetite. The British Public stare at him as only the British Public can stare, but he pays no attention to that. Capitalists are able to indulge with impunity their taste for freaks of this sort. If his poor relation were to go out to dinner on a bicycle, I doubt whether he would be received quite as cordially.

The sale of lubricants has, I am told, increased enormously during the last few years. The monthly output of the excellent cycle-oil known as "White's Electrine" at present exceeds 1200 gallons, or 312,000 flasks. One firm alone, that of Messrs. Brown Brothers, Limited, lately sent a single order to Mr. Charles White for no less than 144,000 flasks.

"Will the war affect the sale in England of bicycles built in America?" I asked the London representative of a well-known American firm of bicycle-makers a day or two ago. He answered that he guessed that most decidedly it would, and that probably within a few weeks from now the prices of all American-made machines on sale on this side would be raised. This is satisfactory news for English makers, who, no doubt, will quickly avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented for increasing the sales of their machines.

A correspondent, writing from Glasgow, tells me that a hysterical individual in that much-maligned city has been lashing himself into a fury because a few of his canny countrymen lately cycled through the town clad in their native costume. Truly something ought to be done to put a stop to such flagrant acts of indelicacy. The garment is a draughty one at the best of times, and when the wearer is mounted on a wheel the draught must be increased to a perfect hurricane. I hear that the Secretary of the Society for Draping Living Pictures is about to put his spoke among these wheelmen's wheels.

Hannibal was said, by a wag to have crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence—"Hannibal Alpes transvivit summa diligentia" (!)—but Mrs. Joseph Pennell has, to use the vulgar phrase, "gone one better" even than Hannibal. Her new book, "Over the Alps on a Bicycle," will interest all cyclists, except, perhaps, those who have not pedalled further afield than Battersea Park or Kew Gardens. About a year ago, if I remember rightly, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell made an expedition on wheels into the fastnesses of Devonshire, and subsequently expressed in print the righteous disgust which they felt at the sight of the disgraceful way in which Devonshire roads are mended, or rather, are left unmended. They described the roads of green Devon as the worst to be found in any civilised country—a statement which all persons who have ever bicycled in the picturesque county, especially in the southern parts of it, will heartily endorse. Mrs. Joseph Pennell ought certainly to know what she is writing about when she deals with roads and their condition, for in 1891 she travelled awheel from London to Vienna, and subsequently all over the Carpathians, Galicia, Transylvania, and Hungary. Last year she successfully negotiated on her bicycle over a dozen of the highest and most rugged of the Swiss passes—a feat, I believe, never attempted by any other woman.

During the winter I have been trying a pair of Sivadi metal toe-clips, and, after riding them through mud and wet for several months, I am able to report that they are an unqualified success. The metal does not rust, and the toe-clips have come out of a whole winter's wear as bright

and clean as the day they were put on to my pedals. Those of my readers who have tried the ordinary plated clip know in what a state a pair, even of the best, would be if exposed to so severe a trial. I fitted also a little Sivadi metal step to the back wheel of my Elswick machine last November, and it is quite untarnished after five months of winter riding.

If the lady who, while bicycling in the Fulham Road at seventeen minutes to four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 26, dropped a satchel containing a £10 Bank of England note, £7 10s. in gold, and some silver, will send a description of the satchel to the *Sketch* office, the satchel and its contents will be restored to her.

The first issue of the *Church Gazette*, a new ecclesiastical weekly, contains an article on "The Diversions of the Clergy." The bishops and other exalted dignitaries of the Church of England have apparently been requested, after the manner of the young ladies' confession-books of twenty years ago, to state what is their favourite amusement. Needless to say, cycling heads the list, golf coming in a good second. It is no matter of surprise that the clergy should be keen enthusiasts for wheeling, for it is a pastime eminently suitable for them.

To the hard-working vicar of a town parish the bicycle is specially a boon, for it enables him to obtain both exercise and a breath of fresh country air in the briefest possible time, while to the country parson it is an aid in the performance of his parochial duties, besides dispensing with the necessity of keeping a horse, which is often far beyond his means.

The only difficulty that might possibly present itself to the mind of the clerical cyclist is that of suitable costume. The long-tailed coat is, of course, quite out of place; he must wear a short jacket such as is frequently worn by the country clergy. But what about the parson's legs? Knickerbockers do not seem to be in keeping with clerical costume, and, personally, I abominate trouser-clips, from the hideous appearance they present; yet trousers that are not gathered in at the ankle are inconvenient and even dangerous for cycling. I see no reason why the "inferior clergy" should not adopt the knee-breeches and gaiters of their superiors. I believe there is no canon law against it. In the case of bishops, deans, and archdeacons, it is merely a survival of the fashions of the last century, when all the clergy wore breeches, and trousers were yet unknown. It might possibly require more moral courage than the modest curate is commonly endowed with to start the fashion, but the costume is both dignified and becoming, and, where the episcopal apron is lacking, would not look like infringing the prerogative of the dignitaries.

To turn now to the subject of ladies' dress, there seems to be a great controversy going on in the ladies' papers on the question of cycling-costumes. The flounces and trains which the fickle goddess of fashion has ordained for the coming Season are, of course, totally unadapted for use when awheel. I cannot imagine why the question has been brought up at all, because one would think that wearing furbelows on a bicycle would never enter the head of any woman—in the first place, because it would be exceedingly unbecoming, and secondly, because it would be very dangerous. I am not sure that this fashion will not have the effect of causing more ladies to adopt the "rational dress" as a distinctive costume for cycling in opposition to all this fluffiness, which is so impossible for any outdoor exercise, and is only fit for "church parade" in the Park.

The Black Swan Distillery in Holborn was the establishment wrecked by the Gordon rioters, and you will remember how Holborn Hill ran with gin as though a rainstorm had fallen. The whole of these ancient and commodious premises have been purchased by Mr. James Buchanan, of "House of Commons" whisky fame. The noble residential mansion, formerly the residence of one of the old proprietors, has been converted into offices. The fine "Adam" ceilings and mantelpieces with the ancient fire-grates are still perfect. Never did a mercantile firm have better housing.



THE NEWEST NEW WOMAN. SHE IS ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

I was very pleased to see the colours of Mr. Wallace-Johnstone successful on Disraeli in the Two Thousand Guineas, as he has been a consistent follower of the Turf, and up to the present year has not met with any luck, if we except the wins through that good horse, Best Man. I think now that Disraeli stands a good chance for the Derby, although the book does not make him out to be any better than Dieudonne, and it may be that the brunt of the battle will be fought by the two. At the same time, I shall expect to see Wildfowler improve immensely on his Newmarket running.

The Chester Cup still maintains its position as being one of the most popular long-distance races of the year, although the Cesarewitch and the Great Metropolitan are perhaps more popular with the masses. Backers do not indulge in much ante-post betting over the Cup, because there are now so many other events to command attention. For this year's race some good horses are engaged, and, although Laughing Girl has a chance, I hope to see Labrador successful, as the Duke of Westminster is a good patron of the meeting, and the victory of his colours would be popular.

The Jubilee Meeting at Kempton Park is always the most popular held at Sunbury during the year. A capital programme has been arranged for Friday and Saturday, and I predict some good sport. The Royal Plate for two-year-olds is a valuable item, and it generally attracts a big field of high-class youngsters. I am told that Ormes Head, the property of the Duke of Westminster, will win on Friday. For the Jubilee Stakes there is sure to be a big field. General Peace will go close, but for the actual winner I shall select Dinna Forget.

The days of big plunging are said to be past and gone. However, I am told that one candidate for the Two Thousand Guineas was backed by the stable followers to win considerably over £100,000, and the horse lost! Seeing that the three-year-olds this season are very moderate, it does not say much for the intelligence of the alleged plunger. Many owners make the initial mistake of supposing that their little ducks are all big geese, and they overlook the fact that some of the horses to be met had not, perhaps, shown their true form in public previously.

Some precautions ought to be taken by certain of the sporting papers to prevent advertising tipsters from stating that they have given winners when they have, as a matter of fact, sent losers to their clients. One correspondent points to his experience when he received thirty-seven selections, out of which he got six short-priced winners. To his surprise, however, he read by the sporting papers that his tipsters laid claim to having given several winners which he had not received. I think the time has arrived when the strictest supervision should be placed over the statements of advertising tipsters.

It is gratifying to note that those in high places begin to favour the general using of the starting-machine. The "new-fangled notion," as many of the ancient trainers term it, must come in time, for some of the starts, especially in two-year-old races, are tantalising in the extreme. If the Jockey Club would insist on our two-year-old races this year being started by tape, then next year all two- and three-year-old events, and the following year *all* races, the reform would be complete.

I am told that certain enterprising people are going to try the heliograph for signalling winners of races. This system was successfully tried at the final tie of the Football Cup at the Crystal Palace. As many sportsmen are aware, the result of the deciding course of the Waterloo Cup is sent by flag-signal a distance of four miles to the post-office at Formby; but, then, a mistake could scarcely arise in coursing results, as there are only two dogs to be dealt with; but, in a race where there were twenty starters, some confusion might ensue. However, the tic-tac gentlemen are wonderfully accurate in their signalling, and the heliograph may come, after all.

CAPTAIN COE.

RACE-GOERS.

The great question relating to the public attendance at football and cricket matches in large numbers is one that has never been satisfactorily solved, and nobody appears able to say where the vast audiences come from, or how they manage to spend long working-days enjoying themselves. What are we to say, then, of the people who go to the racecourses, and who, without any definite means of earning a living, turn up happily enough day after day with enough money to get to their destination, pay for some lunch, and contribute their mite to the support of the leather-lunged layers of odds who dominate the silver rings? A short country-drive on the occasion of the first Epsom meeting brought the question to my mind, for the beautiful roads and lanes leading from the South side of the Thames to the classic racecourse were positively thronged with people. Here and there costly coaches and carriages flashed past, but the majority of the vehicles were of the kind that goes from the "front" at Brighton to the Dyke and back for the modest inducement of one shilling per passenger.

If I looked on at the merry, beery crowd with feelings akin to envy,

I may claim forgiveness. It was a lovely morning, one of the rare accidental days of April that justify what has been written about the month; the country was at its very best, and I had a great longing for the broad expanse of the Surrey Downs and a position from which to see the gaily clad jockeys sweep round Tattenham Corner into the straight and then commence to make their efforts. I could recall similar days when time had permitted the indulgence and a kind Fate had allowed me to compel a ready-money bookmaker to disburse shekels of silver and shekels of gold in an amount that justified him, to his own conscience, in making remarks about my luck, which to him seemed to have suffered an accident and been badly wounded. These were rare days, and do not come often to the hard-worked journalist.

CRICKET.

Wisden's "Public School Matches," which has just been published, reveals the little-known fact that Byron in his school-days was something of a cricketer. In the Eton v. Harrow match in 1805, the poet made 7 runs out of 55, scored off the bat, but, on his side having to follow on, he was dismissed for 2. He succeeded, however, in bowling one of the Etonians, and there is no saying how many wickets would have been credited to him under the modern system, for in three cases the catcher's name alone appears. An amusing coincidence is that Byron went in to bat immediately after a gentleman of the even more famous name of Shakespeare. Always partial to poetic names, Harrow, in 1822, played Charles Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, who was the chief bowler for his school till 1825. In that year a greater name appears in the Harrow team—that of H. E. Manning. The future Cardinal never troubled the scorers much, for in six innings he made only 6, 0, 0, 1, 3, 1; he was, however, captain of the team in his last year. It is not always the keenest sportsmen who are most successful at cricket. The late Lord Bessborough, one of the most enthusiastic followers of the game to the age of eighty, played twice for Harrow (still prolific in notabilities!) in the early 'thirties, and in three innings never scored a run. Playing for Eton in 1844, Lord Justice Chitty commenced his public career with an auspicious nought, and in his next five innings he had a total of 18. It is true that he once scored 36, in his eighth innings, but in his ninth and tenth he relapsed to 10 and 0.

These are some of the many curious facts to be noted in Wisden's book, which gives the detailed scores in the Eton-Harrow - Winchester matches from 1805 to the present date, and has a triple preface by the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton, A. C. MacLaren, and E. H. Buckland on the cricket histories of their respective schools.

PRINCE RONUK.

At a select fancy-dress ball held at Rockside Hydro, Matlock Bridge, the costume which attracted most attention was that of Mr. Joseph Moore, as Prince Ronuk ("a man of polish"). The dress, which was supplied by Messrs. Simons and Sons, of the Haymarket, was Persian, and was made of green velvet, with white satin facings, beautifully jewelled and richly braided with gold. A red velvet scarf with heavy gold lace depended from the left shoulder, and a rich Indian silk scarf bound the waist.

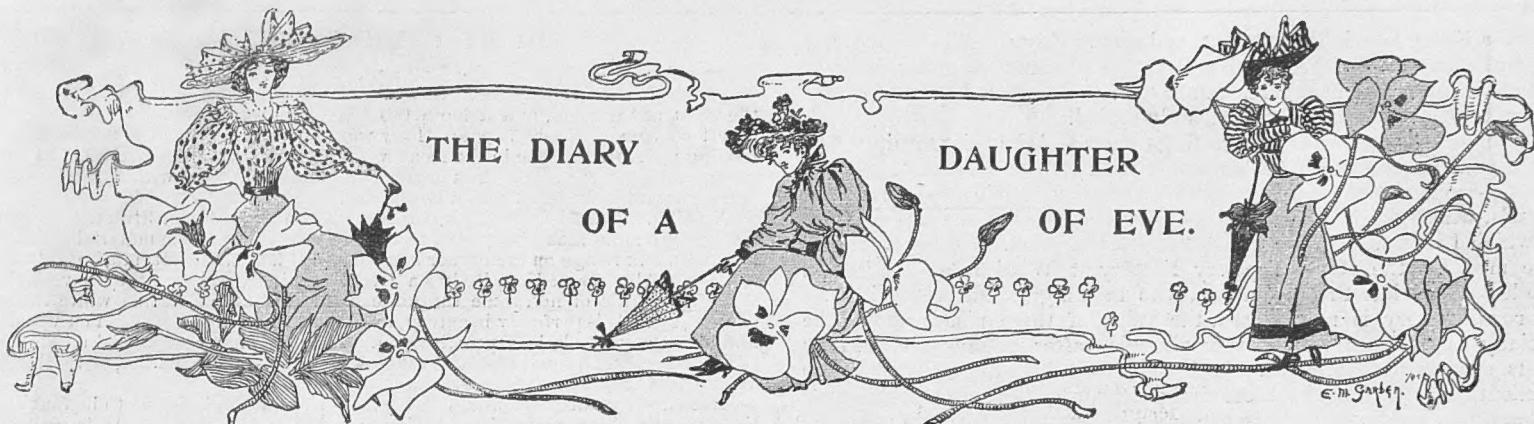


PRINCE RONUK.

Photo by F. Barber, Sheffield.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-one (from January 26 to April 20, 1898) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



Saturday.—To the Private View of the New Gallery, a function which is neither private nor a view ; it was crowded with people who made it almost impossible to see the pictures. I would have forgiven them this if they had only shown me anything in the way of frocks worth looking at, but I have seldom seen together so many ill-dressed folks. The

detail with gratitude for their existence. There were several mistakes. One stout woman in black had her chest outlined in coral pink, and there was another, no less of a sinner, in a green dress trimmed with fur, crowned with a white lace hat trimmed with Mandarin-yellow roses. It was quite a relief to gaze on a woman wearing her winter frock



HYACINTH CANVAS WITH LACE APPLIQUÉ.

BLACK-AND-WHITE CHECK TWEED WITH BLACK COAT.

[Copyright.]

only notable exceptions to the general dowdiness were a Frenchwoman with a black satin pelisse and a frisé velvet cape, and two girls, one in grey and one in drab cloth, with satin strappings to match ; the one wearing a mauve waistcoat and the other pink revers to her coat. These revers were of a round shape and much piped, and I noted their every

contentedly, crowned with her winter bonnet. This was of soft grey velvet embroidered in steel, trimmed with chinchilla, with the bonnet of steel and grey feathers at one side. There was an appalling red frock worn with a plaid shirt, and there was one girl looking amazingly pretty in spite of a costume of heliotrope and pink decked with obtrusive jewels

from the Fancy Goods Department, and scanty skirts. All the same, I was much amused, and promised myself the pleasure of going back to look at the pictures in the immediate future. It seemed to me to be a most excellent exhibition and pleasingly varied.

Monday.—I spent a very interesting time with Julia this morning. She is still bent on re-furnishing her house from attic to basement, and the drawing-room is claiming her special attention. We wandered into Maple's, where they are showing some lovely tapestries, a class of work for which I have always had the sincerest admiration. These tapestries were made at the Royal Tapestry Factory at Windsor, an institution founded by the late Prince Consort, who took a great interest in it. As the royal factory is now closed, the value of these panels should be specially appreciated. They were all made after designs prepared by artists such as Ryland, E. M. Ward, and Percy Anderson. The work is excellent throughout, and the colouring rich and varied, each panel being enclosed in a border of Renaissance design, elaborately carried out. The two largest panels represent a boar-hunt and a stag-hunt, and are magnificent pieces of work. Four small panels in two colours, red and brown, represent Venus and Adonis and other mythological persons, these being in Ryland's favourite style. A very beautiful panel displays Orpheus playing to the nymphs, after a design by Percy Anderson, and a charming "May Queen," after Ryland, is most artistically worked. Then there are excellent views of Windsor Castle, Osborne House, and Buckingham Palace, while "The Birdeatcher," by J. W. Hay, and "The Falconer," by E. M. Ward, form two exquisite panels. I owe it as a duty to my best friends to advise them to pay a visit to Maple's while these tapestries are there, and they should interview some pieces of French and Chinese tapestry also on view.

I am told the Diamond Jubilee has had a great deal to do with the revival of old fashions of the first years of Her Majesty's reign, and many can recall the pretty turquoise Pavé jewellery, so much worn in these early days. Messrs. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, and Ludgate Hill, have revived and adapted this fashion to modern taste, and at quite a small cost too, their minimum price for real stones varying from 30s. upwards.

After wandering over Maple's and Benson's, Julia took me and gave me an excellent luncheon. She also gave me at the same time an opportunity of admiring two charming spring-costumes. One was of hyacinth-hued cloth with a waistcoat of pale mauve batiste with insertions of white lace, finished at the neck with a bow of the same material, and crowned with a hat covered with hyacinths with a single dark-red rose set up in the front. This was really very pretty. The other dress was a grey vicuna coat and skirt, worn with a white shirt with black lace patterns upon it, and a bright scarlet hat trimmed with red velvet and cherries. Cherries are wonderfully in favour over in Paris, I hear, and in the near future are to share with bunches of artificial grapes the honours of popular recognition as suitable trimming for millinery.

Wednesday.—I have seen some lovely jewellery to-day, jewellery which, while making for the valuable, at the same time makes for the elegant, and I should cordially advise the elegant to make for it. Such a lovely brooch was among the examples, which, by the way, I met at the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, where it is ever a joy to go, for you can wander about unmolested by inquisitive shop-walkers, where you may inspect without the necessity of buying. Indeed, they do not seem to expect you to buy there; they realise, no doubt, that their jewels will do all the persuading. This brooch which I loved so dearly had a diamond ornament at either side in different designs, the one a bow and the other a cluster, with a loose chain of diamonds uniting them. I also saw here some beautiful hat-pins. A hat-pin is an excellent present which I suggest to the bridegrooms of the Season to present to their maidens; as a change from the inevitable bangle or brooch, I am sure it would be very acceptable, especially if bought at 112, Regent Street, where they have hat-pins made of gold, and of elaborations of diamonds, and of sapphires, and of every possible stone arranged in convenient and decorative patterns. The newest charm might also be recommended to a bridegroom. This is our little friend the tortoise, with its back encrusted with many gems, and made so that its head and its feet waggle.

All the same, although I recognise the delights of such little matters as hat-pins and tortoises, yet do I keenly appreciate that new diamond brooch with the loose chain, also feeling a sympathetic appreciation of a row of pearls as big as peas, each one more perfect than the last, and a tiara all a mass of diamonds of the whitest in a pattern of the most intricate; and I feel a distinct leaning toward the new diamond chains, with each stone set transparently in a fine ring of gold. These look lovely glittering among lace round a low bodice. Gertie's cousin wears one of them, together with a long string of pearls, and she always seems to me one of the most fortunate of women when I meet her with these in her flame-coloured chiffon dress, which is made of hundreds of tuckings and bouillonnées, and a group of black ostrich feathers in her hair. I have envied her desperately for some weeks. Another possession of hers which I also envy is the rug of her perambulator. I do not want the baby or the perambulator, but I do want the rug. It is of the softest Liberty satin, sprinkled with an embroidery of pale-blue forget-me-nots and chenille leaves, and it is outlined with a very narrow frill of the finest Irish lace.

Writing of babies reminds me of soap: the two should be seldom apart from each other; and I have just met a new variety of soap called the "Starlight." Stamped with the name of Lever, it is necessarily pure and full of all virtues possible to soaps.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFIE.—A capital tailor is John Simmons, of 35, Haymarket. I can recommend him from personal experience. Have the new shape of coat, with a belt round the waist at the back, and a loose tab hanging over this in the front. Grey covert-coating I should choose. How would you like a hat of shaded mauves, turning up from the face in the front with a rosette of mauve velvet and two shaded wings at one side? You could wear a mauve necktie with a white shirt, and I guarantee the effect would be elegant.

KORAH.—I should strongly advise Kate Reily, of 12, Dover Street. She has lovely styles, and makes very well too. Crêpe-de-Chine is the material I should like, with silk fringe on the border and some real lace and soft muslin to form the top. Also see at Kate Reily's a jetted evening-dress that they have there, with little frills of net, some turquoise amid the jet, and some white in the décolletage. It is perfectly beautiful, and would exactly suit you. You will not find it like anyone else's, I promise you. The dress for your friend might dye dark blue. Send a small pattern of it to Messrs. Campbell and Co., of Perth Dye Works, and they will tell you at once.

HETZA.—A bodice that would suit you, I should think, is one to be found at the present moment at Lewis and Allenby's, in Conduit Street. It is swathed round the figure, has a lace collar round the shoulders, and a finely spotted net yoke; the sleeves are just gathered round the arms, and the material is crêpe-de-Chine. You can have it in any colour for six and a-half guineas. If you give them this description at Lewis and Allenby's they will know which bodice I mean. If you have quite made up your mind to wear it with a black skirt, then I should strongly advise you to have the bodice of black with the lace in cream-colour, and you might have just a touch of turquoise-blue velvet at the neck, and turquoise-blue buttons at one side, to prevent it looking like mourning. A Tuscan hat trimmed with black tulle diamanté I should like, and black and white feathers.

THREE HUNDRED.—The address of the Lady Guide Office is 20, Haymarket, and you may quite rely upon them to get rooms for you at the hotel and arrange with someone to meet you and look after you. The name of the manageress is Miss Edith Davis, and you had better write to her direct. A very favourite shop of mine is Lewis and Allenby's, in Conduit Street. You can get everything you need there, and you will find them most attentive. If you do decide upon furnishing, you cannot do better than place yourself in the hands of Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road. Here you can spend really as much or as little money as you choose. Thanks for your letter.

VIRGINIA.

The latest fashion in Paris is to give dinner-parties *en tête*, which, being interpreted, means that everyone must come with his face and head got up to look like some well-known person of the day. Thus, you invite Smith, Jones, and Robinson to dinner, and Zola, Félix Faure, and, maybe, Coquelin arrive. This is sometimes very funny and amusing, but often the joke is carried beyond the limits of good taste. As long as the models are chosen among living celebrities, it is all very well; but some persons are pleased to model themselves on celebrities who are no longer among us. Think how pleasant for a relation or friend of Alphonse Daudet's to find himself elbowed by a caricature of the dead writer! Not long ago, a well-known author was anxiously asked by his hairdresser, "In which eye did Alphonse Daudet wear his eye-glass? His *tête* is very much in demand this winter."

It is in France that the smartest hairdressers are to be found, and in that country they have always enjoyed more consideration and esteem than in any other. In the Middle Ages they played the part of surgeon as well as barber, and were authorised by a royal decree to wield the lancet. Physicians in those days would have thought it derogatory to their dignity to bleed a man, and a barber was always called in to do it. Several barbers rose to posts of high dignity. Pierre Labrosse, Saint Louis' barber, became chief Minister to his son, Philip the Bold, and everyone has heard of Olivier le Daim, first barber and then Louis the Eleventh's counsellor and evil genius. However, fortune did not always smile on them, and they both ended their days on the gallows. It was under Louis XIV. that the Honourable Corporation of Surgeon-Barbers rose to the greatest honours. The fashion of wearing huge wigs made their services indispensable; they increased by thousands, and became known as "perruquiers." An edict conferred on them the privilege, among many others, of wearing swords. His Majesty appointed eight Court Barbers, who had to take an oath of allegiance and be always in attendance on him. Leonard Autier, Marie Antoinette's perruquier, was another who enjoyed high favour at Court, and in 1788 he was appointed Director of the Opera House as a recompense for his services. He was devoted to his royal master and displayed great fidelity during the Reign of Terror. His conduct almost cost him his life, and, although he finally escaped, he was ruined, and died in great poverty in 1819. The office of Court Barber was abolished by the Convention and not revived by Napoleon; but on the return of the Bourbons, in 1815, two were appointed, who, as before, were supposed always to be in attendance on the King.

Princess Lætitia, Dowager-Duchess of Aosta, is one of the most cheerful and up-to-date of European Princesses, but she has had the misfortune all her life to be kept very much in order. She was brought up with extreme strictness by Princess Clothilde, though occasionally she broke out and openly rebelled. Princess Clothilde insisted on her wearing her hair parted in the middle and brushed smoothly behind the ears, a fashion she objected to very much. One day it was untidy, and she was sent to her room to do it over again. When, however, she came down to dinner it was found that she had cropped it as short as a boy's. Although she is now over thirty and a widow, she still drives her Ladies-in-Waiting to despair by her waywardness, and particularly by her passion for bicycling. Instead of being content to cycle in the privacy of her park, the Duchess insists on riding about the public roads of Italy and the Riviera. The house of Savoy is noted for its strict etiquette, and Italian Court duennas look on Princess Lætitia with grave disapproval as the latest incarnation of the Royal New Woman.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 10.

MONEY.

The Bank Reserve was further strengthened last week by a heavy influx of gold from abroad, its proportion to liabilities rising from $39\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $41\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Under these conditions there was no necessity to raise the official minimum, which therefore remains at 4 per cent. Although the position of the Bank is not so strong as it was a year ago, when the ratio of reserve to liabilities stood at 52, yet the steady influx of gold from abroad leads to the opinion that there is no immediate danger of much dearer money in the meantime, although, of course, a great deal will depend upon political developments.

HOME RAILS.

Prices in this market have been moving somewhat irregularly of late. The easier tendency of money imparted a better tone into the business in the early part of last week, but the publication of the traffic returns led to realisations, disclosing as they did some heavy declines as compared with a year ago. The only traffic increase on the week worth mentioning is that of the London and North-Western, which shows a substantial improvement of £12,692. On the other hand, the declines are general. The most serious of these is the fall of £14,481 in North-Eastern, which is followed by the Great Western with a decline of £12,620. Out of a list of twenty of the leading companies, there are only five rises recorded, while the remaining fifteen show falls. Although these results are rather disappointing, yet we do not attach much importance to them, as there is no doubt but that the general trend of trade is in the right direction.

YANKEES.

Since we last wrote there has been a general appreciation in Yankee securities. This has been helped on by some of the opening passages-at-arms being in favour of America. It is useless at such a juncture as the present to talk about the intrinsic value of any particular American Railroad stock, and it is certainly very necessary to warn speculators and investors against attaching importance to traffic returns as significant of trade improvement. We hear all round of American millionaires proffering assistance to the Government, and, among the offers, we read of the Astors promising gratuitously the use of their railroads for the needs of the Executive in the way of transporting men and materials. All this sort of thing is bound to create a fictitious appearance of improvement, and we should not feel at all surprised if these generous donors were hedging against their generosity on Wall Street. It is an unkind thing to suggest, but things of the kind have happened before.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MARKET.

Last week we refrained from making any observations upon the unhappy state of affairs which was well known to exist in this market, or on the trouble that was impending, because we felt that an incautious word or a sentence misunderstood at such times often does the greatest amount of mischief. If all our contemporaries had observed the same reticence, it is by no means unlikely that the smash might not have been quite so complete as it is.

Mr. Bottomley had planned a great market coup, and it has gone wrong owing to—well, a little miscalculation as to ways and means! The Market Trust is going to be reconstructed, and shareholders will have to find at least an extra 5s. a share, while, as to the Joint-Stock Trust, and the rest of them, they have been grievously hit, of course, but may escape slaughter for the present. Never in these columns have we advised anyone to buy a share in the companies of the Bottomley group; but we regret that, when we have been asked to advise correspondents already in, we have not in all cases warned them to get out at once, regardless of price; so far, we confess, we miscalculated the strength of the division, which we thought would last longer than it has done.

At this moment, the opinion of such an expert as Mr. Raymond Radelyffe on the Westralian position should prove of interest, and we have therefore no apologies to offer for printing the following letter from his pen—

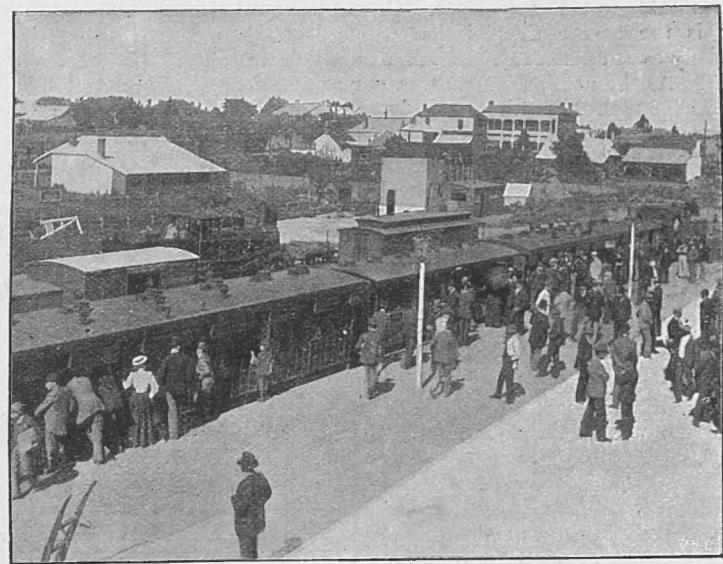
Has the bottom been touched in the West Australian Market? This is the question everybody has been asking for months past, and my invariable and coarse reply has always been "No." It has been no pleasure to me to always write warnings, although I do admit that the exquisite satisfaction of being able to say "I told you so" is probably the sweetest morsel man can taste. The trouble is that speculators in mines never will look upon the business side. When a man buys shares in an Industrial company, he examines the balance-sheet, he requires information as to the commercial standing of the directors, he tries to find out what the future prospects of the trade are likely to be, and, in short, he uses all the common sense he possesses before he makes his investment. There is a business side to mines. It is no use putting Northern Terrors over £4 if the mines are not payable propositions. Sooner or later this must be found out, and then the price will fall to the mere speculative value of what might be found in future years—a value which is seldom placed higher than an eighth.

The Northern Territories have been worked for years, always at a loss, by some of the smartest mining-men in Australia. These men would have made them pay if anyone could—they abandoned them. I have before me as I write a report upon most of the mines in the group now causing so much talk in the market, made for me by a man who sank thousands in the speculation. He is a practical miner. Upon this report no one would invest sixpence in Northern Terrors. For Mr. Bottomley's pluck I have the highest admiration, but he is apt to believe too much. I really do not know whether he can succeed in arranging all his affairs or not—I shall be very glad to congratulate him on success. But

whatever price he puts his Northern Terrors to, whatever price he puts all his Hannan's mines to, will never alter my opinion—that they are valueless as payable gold-mines.

He has one fine mine, the Australia, with a 2 oz. sulphide lode which, when they can smelt over in West Australia, will pay well. As for the rest, they are not, in my opinion, worth paying rent upon. And the public, which finds out the truth sooner or later, now knows this, and declines to invest in Mr. Bottomley's mines. Therefore, for him and for those who work with him to continue putting money into the market is like putting money into the sea. The only people who will benefit will be the jobbers who sell short.

With the Whitaker Wright group it is different. This gentleman does know something about mining, and he has two of the finest mines in Australia—the Lake View and the Ivanhoe. But I do not think he is foolish enough to



THE COOLGARDIE TRAIN LEAVING PERTH.

From "Wealth and Wild Cats."

attempt to bolster up a falling market. I should imagine he is 'cute enough to see that, if the jobbers mark Lake Views down to 5, the advantage is his, because Lake Views at 5 are dirt cheap.

I say that the bottom has not been reached in the West Australian market, because I am sure that the day is coming when the oxidised ores will be all crushed, and, unless West Australia is then in a position to tackle the problem of how to treat sulphides, we shall see a still greater collapse in values. We can see plainly enough that the managers are getting nervous. Whenever a rumour runs round the Press that some mine or another is running short of free-milling ore, we are treated to a ferocious denial. I am suspicious of the mining company which cannot keep out of print. All the mines at Hannan's are gradually getting out of free-milling ore. As they develop they open up new ore bodies, but these are sulphides. The values are right, but the means of securing these values are not so apparent. The return of gold from the colony is not likely to fall to any great extent, because there are many small mines scattered throughout the country which are making small returns. The number of these mines is being added to each month. I am afraid that few of them will ever pay dividends, milling expenses are too high; but they will help the Government to pay for its water scheme.

Slumps are not pleasant things, but they have a magnificent effect upon mine-managers. These very clever gentlemen seldom worry about economy as long as the shares are quoted at a premium. But the moment prices fall and shareholders get troublesome, the wages list is cut down. Champagne is no longer considered a necessity. The dynamite bill is closely scanned and the fuel looked after. We have seen how mining camps in Africa and America go through the regular course of "boom" and "slumps" and emerge as solid dividend-payers. This will happen in West Australia. The process is not a pleasant one, but the result is usually very satisfactory to those who have been cautious enough to invest only in good sound mines. I do not advise anyone to buy into West Australian mining shares to-day. There will be plenty of time to think about making an investment when the market is freed from riggers. As long as these gentry will persist in attempting to get the best of the Stock Exchange, the wise man stands clear and leaves the professional gambler to pluck or be plucked. We on *The Sketch* have never been over-sanguine about West Australian mines, and we are not likely to be accused of having advised investments in any wild-cat schemes. The mines we advised two years ago are still the leading mines in the colony, and their returns, although they may fall off a little in the transition stage between oxidised and sulphide ores, may be relied upon to head the list whatever happens.

THE SPANISH BUDGET.

Under existing circumstances, the figures of the Spanish Budget can possess only an academical interest. The outcome of the war will determine the financial position of the country, and Budget estimates can hardly be regarded as worth even the paper upon which they are written. The Finance Minister ingeniously manages to work out a small surplus, but outsiders have to take into account the war expenditure which he will have to bring into the next Budget, and which, if necessary, he will, of course, use to account for the fallacy of the present estimates. Spanish finance is always a mystery, with its Extraordinary Budgets, which serve to make both ends meet on paper, though it is a notorious fact that Spain is in a semi-bankrupt condition. The means by which the Extraordinary Budget is going to be made to balance in reality, we do not profess to understand. Spanish warlike enthusiasm is likely to cool down when it has to be justified by the payment to the Government of pesetas. For our own part, we feel sorry for those who consider that Spanish bonds are worth holding at present. They appear to be about as reckless a speculation as one could find on the Stock Markets.

STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

A good idea as to the extent of the depreciation which has taken place during the past month in Stock Exchange securities can be formed by a perusal of the usual table compiled by the *Banker's Magazine*. In the regular list of 325 representative securities, there is shown a decrease of no less than £69,259,000 during the month, or 2·1 per cent. The causes assigned for this heavy decline are, of course, the war between Spain and the United States, and dearer money. Prominent among the list of losses is the decline of £24,318,000 on thirty representative Foreign Government stocks, which works out at 2·9 per cent. The heavy fall in Spanish stock, of course, assisted materially in bringing about this result. The decline of £2,321,000 in American Railway shares is attributable to the same cause. One of the most striking features in the list is the severe depreciation which has taken place in ten mines (chiefly South African), the fall amounting to £8,023,000, or 21·8 per cent. As the nominal amount, or par value, of these ten mines totals up to £8,810,000, it will be seen that the depreciation for the month has only fallen short by £787,000 of that amount. Despite the consistent decline which has been taking place in this department of late, the market value of the ten companies dealt with stood at the respectable figure of £28,802,000 on April 20, or an aggregate premium of about twenty million pounds. This shows what a highly inflated condition the shares must have attained prior to the present adverse circumstances.

COAL, IRON, AND STEEL.

Continuing the subject of the previous paragraph, we note, from the statistics above referred to, that the only increase shown in a list of thirty-three categories of stocks for the past month is in the shares of Coal, Iron, and Steel Companies. Seven of these, with a total par value of £6,055,000, have increased in market value to the extent of £233,000, or 2·7 per cent. on the month. The explanation is not far to seek. Both in regard to the war actually in progress, and to the possibility of its breaking out elsewhere, there is growing up an enormous demand for ships and for munitions of war of various kinds, but all involving the use of metal. Moreover, the problem of coaling the belligerent fleets is one of the most serious which they have to encounter; and this affords a further explanation as to why this particular class of companies stands out as a solitary exception to the general decline in values during the month. Its "splendid isolation" has drawn our attention to a fact which rather surprises us—namely, that these representative shares stand at a very considerable premium in the aggregate. We must confess to having been under the impression that the reverse was the case, but the figures disprove this so far as typical shares are concerned. Of course, the list is not comprehensive, and does not profess to be so; but the seven companies dealt with, and having a nominal capital of £6,055,000, command now a market value for that capital of £8,790,000, which means an average premium of about 45 per cent!

SUNDY FONDS.

Whether or not the price of Yankee Rails has reached bottom is a moot point, for everything depends on the course of the war, as to which our readers are as well able to judge as we are; but it does seem that the bonds of several lines present opportunities for people who are content to take, say, 4½ on their money when, in addition to every reasonable security for the income, as soon as the war is over there is more than a fair certainty of increased capital value.

Such securities as the 4 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railway at 93, or Erie Prior Lien at 89, or Milwaukee 5 per cent. First Mortgage at 114, among the United States lines, seem to fulfil all the conditions of that numerous class of our readers who are always asking for something which will pay nearly 5 per cent. and improve in value, and the judicious investor might add a few Interoceanic of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds at 102 and Mexican Southern 4 per cent First Debentures at 83. A few thousand pounds spread over such bonds as we have indicated above would seem safe enough, although, of course, it is possible that, if the war is prolonged, and money gets dearer, prices may go even lower than they are now. Only fools expect to always get in at the bottom, and an investor who buys now can very well afford to increase his holdings should prices drop still more.

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET.

There has been a distinctly more cheerful tone in this market all the week, brought about partly by the easier tone of the Money Market, and partly by the fact that investors are getting sick of mines and must have something more remunerative than Consols to put their money into. Lipton's have been very active, and would have gone higher but for the number of selling orders at 1 premium, which, for the moment, prevents a further rise. Cotton shares (probably because of the deal with the American Thread Company) have been in great demand, and many people expect that the special settlement in Welsbach issues will create a revival. Timber shares, such as Millar's and Davies', have been out of favour for no very self-evident reason. The subsidiary issue of Mellin's Food, Limited, is sure to be run after, and we fully expect the £1 shares to be worth nearly 30s. before the special settlement, for, with a twenty years' guarantee from the parent company, they are, in our opinion, clearly worth as much, if not more, than the corresponding securities of the guarantor company.

ISSUES.

Idris and Co., Limited, is offering £70,000 of 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock at par. The issue appears reasonably secure, but there are one or two curious things about the prospectus. Why did the auditor report in June 1897 on the profits of the business for the last four years? The certificate looks as if it had been drawn for a flotation at that time, and we wonder if that is so? The assets upon which the debentures are secured are not valued by anyone, so that the figure of £216,650 (mere book-values) may mean something or nothing; but no serious person can possibly believe that, because £5700 has been spent on the leasehold premises since Sept. 30, 1897, the selling value has been increased by that sum, and, if this is a sample of the way the other figures are arrived at, the less said the better. We fear the investment is likely to be a sticky one.

Saturday, April 30, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D.—We have handed your letter to the Editor; it has nothing to do with financial matters. Why on earth did you address it to the City Editor?

A. A.—Your letters were answered on April 28.

PORREZA.—We confess to having made the big mistake of thinking that the Bottomley group were strong enough to carry out an amalgamation with such a reshuffling of the cards as would have enabled you to get out at a profit. As to merits, as far as we know, the properties owned by the company have none; but, if we were "landed" ourselves, we should not select this moment to get out. See this week's Notes, but do not forget that at the time of writing it is quite impossible to anticipate developments. You did not buy or increase your holding on our advice.

HOLB.—Of course, you will take up your Chartered new shares if the market price is above £2 at the time. On merits, we believe the whole thing to be valueless. You are a bit too late for the fair in the case of Palace Theatre shares. They are not a bad speculative holding.

W. J. R.—We answered your letter fully on April 26.

ZARIA.—(1) The mine is probably valueless. If you can get anything for your shares, take it. We like nothing in connection with the company. (2) On merits, as every reader of *The Sketch* knows, we think Chartered worth nothing, and for ourselves we would not touch them. (3) No. There is as much chance of a dividend as of Spain coming out victorious in the war with the United States.

A. P. W.—(1) Your letter may be all true, but we never hit a man when he is down. It was on no advice of ours that you touched any of the shares. See this week's Notes.

OLYMPIA.—If, instead of writing us long letters, you would read the current week's Notes, you would save both yourself and us a vast deal of trouble.

GLEN MOYA.—Not for a good round fee would we read all the Dutch printed matter or the manuscript translation you send us, and we are not going to do so for nothing. If you will send us the postage, the documents shall be returned to you.

G. R.—Your question was answered in our Notes last week.

W. M.—We posted you the book on April 30.

JAGO.—See this week's Notes under the head of "Sundry Bonds."

A COUNTRY SPECULATOR.—Have no dealings with these people, who are vile touts. If you find any shares puffed by them, let nothing induce you to buy. We could give you twenty instances; but Norton and Co., Limited, which looked good enough, will do as a warning.

An interesting archaeological discovery has been made lately in Italy, at Adria, in the Province of Rovigo. Some workmen who were engaged in digging a canal came upon the remains of two ancient vessels at a distance of ten feet from the surface. In Roman times Adria was a sea-port, but the alluvial deposits have added so much to the coast in that part of Italy that the sea is now actually eighteen miles away from the town. Both of these ships are in excellent preservation. One of them is almost intact and is of considerable size, measuring sixty-three feet in length and fifteen in width. In the interior of the ships and near them were found earthenware vessels of various shapes, weapons, bones, and other things. The Italian Government has given orders for the strict preservation of the two vessels.

Mr. J. W. Bashford, the well-known wine broker, announces another great sale of wines and spirits at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, Mincing Lane, for Thursday and Friday next. Among other wines that will be offered will be a large parcel of Veuve Monnier Champagne of both 1889 and 1892 vintages, while those consumers who can trust their own judgment will be able to pick up lots of clarets of the 1893 vintage—quite the best vintage for clarets of recent years—at prices very considerably below what they would pay in the ordinary way. The public is as free to bid at these sale-rooms as the trade.